

Chatelaine

Ten Cents

JANUARY

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HONEYMOON IN NEW YORK • STARRING THE QUINTS IN MOVIES • MOMENT OF MADNESS
by Elisa Bialk by Robert Watson by Cleo Lucas

Fight colds where they start • *in the throat* - with **LISTERINE**



HONORS

For more than 50 years Listerine has had the commendation of outstanding men in the fields of medicine, bacteriology, and chemistry. In addition, it has won high awards in great Centennial Fairs; has been tested in laboratories of international repute, and today is approved by the famous Good Housekeeping Bureau of New York City.



Safe antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with sore throat and colds

DON'T go on suffering with heavy colds that undermine your strength. Don't put up with painful sore throats. Go after these conditions in the sensible, scientific way.

Kills germs in the throat

Listerine attacks the germs associated with colds and sore throat. Almost immediately after gargling it kills literally millions of them in throat and mouth, before they have a chance to enter the body.

Scientific tests in 1930-31, 1931-32 and 1934 have shown this comforting result: that those who gargled with Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-garglers.

Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, their colds were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

At the first sign of a cold

Start using Listerine today. As you can see, it is an intelligent precaution against cold infections. If you feel your throat getting sore, or a cold coming on, use Listerine more frequently—every 3 hours is recommended. Lambert Pharmacal Co., (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

MADE IN CANADA

-and see how it relieves *Sore Throat*

Big Money-Saving Dodge is Year's "Beauty Winner"



"The Lines of the New Dodge fairly took my breath away with their sheer beauty"

SAYS LILLY DACHÉ

INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS FASHION AUTHORITY

AT VERY first glance you will be struck by the smartness and beauty of this big, new, Money-Saving Dodge—hailed by foremost fashionists as the "Beauty Winner" of 1936. You, too, will thrill to its long, low, graceful air-style lines, the exquisite styling of its interior appointments. But this striking new beauty is but one extra

SAY NOTED FASHION AUTHORITIES

value feature that the new 1936 Dodge gives you. Already owners all over the country report record-breaking economy of operation—21 to 27 miles to the gallon of gas, up to 20% savings on oil. The new Dodge "Beauty Winner" also gives you Balanced Driving Control... the "Airglide Ride"... genuine hydraulic brakes... safety-steel bodies... and more spacious, more luxurious interiors.

See this magnificent new Dodge today. Drive it. You will be amazed at how much extra value the big, Money-Saving Dodge gives you... and remember it is priced right down among the lowest-priced cars.

Ask your dealer about the new Chrysler Motors—Commercial Credit 7% Plan of easy payments.



DODGE MODEL "D2" FOUR-DOOR TOURING SEDAN, ILLUSTRATED

Read what these Fashion Authorities say about the Beautiful New Money-Saving Dodge



"The thing that will thrill every woman's heart is the careful attention that has been given to all appointments."—Sally Milgrim, famous designer of women's apparel.



"Its appearance is absolutely gorgeous—with that advanced styling of the radiator front."—Betty Goodwin, fashion reporter, National Broadcasting Co.



"Fender lines of amazingly new beauty... the most fashionable body job I've seen this year."—Mary Craig, fashionist, Bonwit-Teller, New York.

Big Money-Saving Dodge

**PRICED RIGHT DOWN
AMONG THE
LOWEST-PRICED CARS**

COLONIAL Sheets

and PILLOW SLIPS

INVITATION TO SLEEP

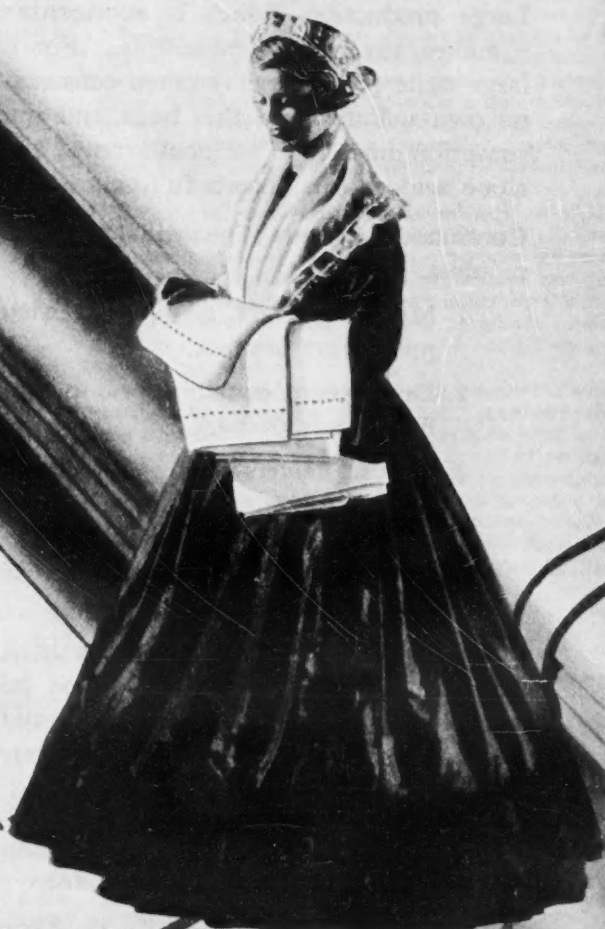
Snowy white, smooth textured, cool, inviting, Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips impart a note of utter luxury to your beds. Canada's finest since 1846, their touch is a caress that says "relax and rest". Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips — made only from long fibred cotton tightly spun into fine count yarns — are free from artificial weighting. Endless launderings leave them unharmed. They "dress" your beds — for appearance and for sleep.

Sold throughout the Dominion.

Made in Canada by
**DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY
LIMITED**
Branches from Coast to Coast.

COLONIAL

COLONIAL



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS Colonial TOWELS



Edna Jaques
"The Poet of the Home"

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Reita Lambert, whose new serial begins next month.

Chatelaine

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor

N. ROY PERRY, Advertising Manager

REMEMBER THE dizzying excitement, when you were only so high, of the three-ring circus? Of trying to take in everything yourself—and making sure that the rest of the family saw it all at the same time, too?

That's the way I feel this month. For the editorial files are bulging with plans and ideas that promise to make 1936 by far the biggest year we have ever had. I want to tell you all about them, if I can find enough adjectives. Then, there's the richly interesting reading in this January issue, and I want to make sure you see it all!

Stories are coming from the most popular fiction writers of the day. Particularly exciting is the news of our compelling new serial, "Approach to Love," by Reita Lambert. You can see a snapshot of her with her little son on this page. In private life, she is the wife of Arthur Nevin, the composer. She has a number of successful novels published, and her short stories appear in all the big magazines. Her story is about a rather plain girl, daughter of a brilliant pianist, who falls in love with a charming and very handsome man. She tries desperately to win his attention, but fate spoils all her eager plans by making her the means of constantly interfering in his most cherished ambitions. It's one of the big novels of 1936. Read it first in *Chatelaine*.

Four Stories in Varied Keys

WANTING something to "take you out of yourself?" Then read the glamorous, fairytale story from Hollywood, "Moment of Madness." And remember that behind every brilliantly beautiful movie star you watch, is the figure of her "stand-in"—a girl who bears a strong resemblance to the star, but who must do all the arduous work of standing in position while the lights are focused. There have been so many stories about the stars; let's learn what might happen to a stand-in.

I've had a lot of letters from you, asking for another story by Beryl Gray, of Vancouver. She has a knack of putting reality into her work that makes any of her stories memorable. You'll step into one of Canada's lonely fishing ports when you begin "The Settling of Lorna." Perhaps you'll feel, like the city-bred Lorna, that you don't want to stay. But I doubt it. Elisa Bialk is an international magazine favorite, and you'll understand why when you've finished her tenderly understanding story, "Honeymoon in New York." I wouldn't be a bit surprised if your husband didn't enjoy this as much as you do. Try him and see.

And if that's a story of the beginning of married life, there's an equally human handling of the end of it, in "This Dark," by N. de Bertrand Lugin, the well-known writer from Victoria. It's a haunt-

ing thing, and I find myself constantly reminded of it, whenever I see a capable managing woman married to a dreamer.

THE PENETRATING discussion on "What's Wrong With Our Schools," was written by a Toronto mother. It would be interesting to hear from some of you about your own experiences. Is Mrs. Allin right? Or should she have made an even stronger denunciation of our present system?

Edna Jaques is making a tour of our Women's Canadian Clubs this winter, and has already made thousands of friends through her lectures and her richly human verse. A new book of poems, "My Kitchen Window," has just appeared—each one a gem of daily living. We have often published Edna Jaques' verse—in a new one appears this month on page nineteen. Scientists to the contrary, doesn't it warm your heart?

Busy Children Ensure A Happy New Year!

A NEW series of cut-outs for the children begins this month. The little rocking horse in its brave scarlet, with the happy rider, has been rocking on my desk for some time now. It's a toy the youngsters will really enjoy. And I wish you could see the charming effects possible for the kiddies when they cut their goldfish and bowl, designed by Jean Brown, out of colored paper. Miss Brown is a kindergarten teacher. She has many ideas for entertaining the pre-school child, and we're going to bring you a number of them. More entertainment to keep the babies quiet is one of our promises for making the new year happier for you!

Next month there's a sensational appeal from a young Canadian girl, the daughter of wealthy parents, who tells you of the tragedy that is so liable to overtake today's young girls. Marriage used to represent security. It doesn't any more. Wealthy girls can't take jobs without meeting heavy criticism. The amount of volunteer work is limited. Yet they are longing for self-expression of some kind. "Our Drifting Daughters" will cause a lot of discussion when the February issue comes out. So will "Debunking the Mother Myth"—a new attitude toward motherhood.

Watch *Chatelaine* in 1936! Brilliant short stories, sensational articles, exclusively Canadian features and detailed coverage of a woman's daily interests, are going to make each issue one you'll be proud to read. Also, I hope, eager.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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by
CLEO LUCAS

SHE SEEMED TO BE A
FAILURE AT EVERYTHING
... THEN ONE DAY SHE
SNATCHED AT HER

MOMENT OF MADNESS



JOAN COOPER ran her gorgeous blue eyes over the call sheet that hung on the brown stucco wall near the rear entrance of the Magna Film Company. Faye Millard was due to be at the hairdresser's at seven o'clock in the morning. Gary Green was on call for eight. Ten extras were wanted of Spanish origin—five male and five female, and that was all.

Joan breathed up a little prayer of thanks to the gods of the film industry who had spared her for one whole day. Twenty-four hours! The first freedom she had had since they began production on "Love is the Way" nearly three months ago.

With an effort she pulled herself up the three short steps that led to the main floor. Dave Brown, who sat on the high stool directly behind the information desk and collected the pass slips, shot her a look of sympathy. "You look tired, Miss Cooper," he said. "Can't I have one of the boys get your car for you?"

Joan stopped beside his tall boxlike desk and leaned against it wearily. "Thanks, Dave," she said. "That would be swell. It's in the parking lot across the street."

He reached for the phone. "Have one of the boys get Miss Cooper's car from Kelly's." A pause. "Okay." He turned back to her. "Been working hard today, I guess."

Joan sighed in remembrance. "Oh," she groaned, "have I. I've either been standing on the steps of the front porch or milling about the garden, smelling the flowers on the Guggenheim estate in Pasadena all day in the broiling sun."

"While la Keefe reclined under a parasol and only emerged for the 'takes,' I suppose," Dave said.

"Right," Joan said; "of which they only managed to get two all day. They finally compromised by coming back to the studio where I again played 'dummy' until my arches fell."

The boy who had brought the car round appeared in the doorway. Joan started out. "Better luck tomorrow," Dave called to her encouragingly.

"Swell luck tomorrow," she smiled. "I'm not on call. Thanks for getting my car for me." Dave waved her an *Adios* and she hurried out through the crowded front office that led to the street.

It was July in Hollywood and the tourists were in command of the town. They appeared everywhere. Singly. In twos, in threes and in droves. They collected about the doorways of the various film studios and the entrances of well-known restaurants and waited for their favorite actors and actresses to emerge so that they could get an autograph or at least a glimpse of them.

Besides the tourist menace, the school children of Los Angeles were now on the loose, each one of whom was equipped with a little album and a pencil and a pleading voice. They buzzed around the studio entrances like flies around a pot of honey, and whenever anyone came out who even faintly resembled an actress they swooped down upon her and hemmed her in like an army surrounding a prisoner.

Joan was accustomed to them. An earthquake would not even stop them. When the dishes had begun to fall out of the cupboards and the pictures were doing a carioca on the walls, Joan had rushed panic-stricken from her apartment only to have someone appear suddenly at her elbow with an open book and a request for "Your autograph, please." Even the elements could not interfere. It was a disease, no less. Autographitis.

Now, as she set her handsome foot outside the studio entrance, the cry went up. "Janet Keefe," somebody yelled with a blood-curdling war whoop. Joan knew what to do. Summoning all her strength she made for her car and sank into the seat just as they descended upon her, brandishing their varicolored weapons. She escaped with only a few minor casualties. She felt the jab of a pencil somewhere in her right side and caught a sound slap over the right cheek with a book, but she had reached her ground safely. That was what counted.

"I'm not Miss Keefe," she told them, as she had told a thousand people before them. "My name is Joan Cooper and I'm Miss Keefe's stand-in. Now please go away."

They looked at her dubiously. Most of them had been fooled before and weren't taking any chances this time. Somebody pushed a book across her steering-wheel. "Well, sign, anyway," a voice commanded.

Joan wrote her name over and over again. She wrote until her fingers ached as badly as did her feet. Her head was swimming. Before she had signed in half the books, little stars and diamonds were doing queer fantastic dances in front of her eyes.

"Please," she begged, "I've been working hard all day. I'm tired. Won't you get away from my car now and let me go?"

They crowded more closely, joggling up and down on the running-boards of the car as though it were some kind of toy, and continued to push the hateful little books into her



Large production—which is economical production—makes advertising imperative. For its continuity, large scale production requires consumption equal to its own volume, and this huge and maintained consumption must be of national extent. Near-by markets alone seldom can absorb full-volume production.

Continuous consumption equal to daily production requires:—

1. Making buyers acquainted with the volume production product.
2. Developing acquaintance into confidence and desire.
3. Making dealers willing to stock the product because it has been made easy to sell as a consequence of consumer confidence, acceptance and preference.

Without maintained national advertising of such products, there would be no nation-wide and stabilized consumer demand for them. Drop national adver-

tising and there would disappear that agency which informs consumers and induces them to buy and dealers to stock. Disaster for the manufacturer and confusion—and loss for both dealer and consumer would follow collapse of demand.

Think also of this: employment is stabilized and the peaks and valleys of factory production are levelled when quantity production is steadily maintained by national advertising.

Many products now in general use started as luxuries at high prices. National advertising has so increased their consumption and production that they are now available to everyone at moderate prices.

Refuse imitation products which are offered to you for acceptance with the specious recommendation of "they are just as good."

The fact is that **there is no economic substitute for national advertising.** And should you or legislation make volume production difficult or impossible then the production cost of many things of common use would jump up, and so, too, would consumer prices.

It is thoughtlessness which explains the failure of many to perceive the economic necessity of advertising as a creator and stabilizer of consumer demand.

[[This is one of a series of talks on why nationally advertised products should always be asked for and insisted on.]]



"STAND-IN" FOR A FAMOUS STAR . . . WHAT AGONIES OF MIND THAT JOB CAN BRING AN AMBITIOUS GIRL

It was best not to think of those nights. They had happened long ago. So long ago that now they seemed unreal. She had left all that behind her for the sake of a career, but she had been thinking of Stephen lately with annoying regularity.

She would drive, she decided. If she kept moving she would have to think about traffic and signs and she couldn't think about Stephen. And if she was going to drive why shouldn't she start immediately for Del Monte? It was only seven. She could be there by two. It would be a beautiful drive up along the coast with the quiet water swishing gently against the shore.

She turned the car around suddenly and went back to her apartment. Hastily she flung a few things into her bag. A bathing suit, some beach sandals. She fingered an evening gown dubiously. If she didn't take one she would want it, sure as anything. It never failed. Might as well put it in. Just in case. The gold sandals to match the dress. An evening wrap. The bag was full.

She pulled a blue beret that matched her sweater over her gold hair, flung a polo coat across her arm and she was off. One half hour later, the long black shadow that was her car was headed northward, shooting swiftly along the foot of the moonswept Palisades.

JOAN STAYED in bed until eleven. She wanted to remain there longer, but she had caught the habit of early rising and lounging made her restless. She got up and walked over to the window that looked out upon the green lawns and the beautiful Roman plunge. It was an exquisite setting. It almost demanded that you have your breakfast in your room so that you could sit at the window and enjoy the view.

Joan crossed to the phone and hesitated a moment, thinking of her bank account. "You're on a vacation, remember that," she reminded herself tersely. "You deserve this once a year, you know." She lifted the phone from its cradle. "Room service, please," she said easily.

The waiter brought in her tray so quickly that she was certain he must have made a mistake. He hovered over her solicitously with apologies for the service. It seemed to Joan that she had scarcely replaced the phone when he had knocked at the door.

"I'm sorry madam had to wait so long," he said earnestly; "we're busier than usual downstairs. You see, there's a fraternity convention here this week."

"Which one?" Joan asked casually. She had no reason for asking really, excepting that some fraternities meant more than others did. Sigma Gamma, for instance. It was more important than some, because it was the one to which Stephen belonged and there were lots of happy memories connected with it.

The waiter lifted the silver covers from the steaming platters of food without making the slightest sound. "I couldn't tell you that," he said, "but there are gentlemen here from all over the United States and Canada."

"My," Joan said simply. Wouldn't it be funny if—no, of course not. Even if it were the Sigma Gams, Stephen wouldn't be here. Only college men came to conventions and Stephen had been out of school three—no, four years. Stop thinking about Stephen.

The waiter poured the golden brown coffee into the cup and poised the sugar tongs in mid-air. "Sugar, madam?" he enquired.

"Please," Joan said; "two lumps."

He picked up the silver pitcher. "Cream, madam?"

"No thank you."

He bowed humbly. "Will that be all, madam?"

"I think so," Joan said.

The waiter stood for a second, turned to go and then suddenly he delved into his pocket and drew out a shiny red book and pushed it toward her. "Would it be asking too much, madam," he said shyly, "for your autograph?"

Joan counted ten. Take it easy, old dear. Remember he's old and he means well. Don't insult him. Just explain in a nice way—

"You see," he explained quickly, "I've seen all of your pictures and I like you. I mean—well, I mean you're my favorite actress." His neck was rapidly turning the color of his autograph book.

[Continued on page 20]

"They dared me to come over, and I took them up," he said. "You're our favorite star—we're crazy about you."

A STORY OF HOLLYWOOD AND THE CHAOS OF LIVING THAT IS A BEAUTIFUL STAR'S DAILY ROUTINE

face. Suddenly the war whoop went up again. "Hey, come on," somebody yelled, "it's George Raft."

Joan felt her car rock perilously as the pack deserted her for bigger fry and then she stepped on the starter. "Thanks, Georgie," she said gratefully to herself, swinging the car on to Beverley Boulevard.

Always, when Joan drove her car down the crowded boulevards, people pointed and said, "There goes Janet Keefe," and turned around to stare at her. At first, it had been rather exciting to see the covetous, admiring glances of the public even though she knew she was being mistaken for Keefe, but subsequent explanations had grown boring and now they had become just plain annoying.

When she went into stores there was a little flutter among the sales girls and a decided, although polite, stampede to see who would wait on her, and then they were positively insulting when she gave them her name and address. They acted as though she had purposely deceived them.

It was a tough life, she decided gravely, as she caught the "go" signal at Vine Street. Not at all as she had dreamed it would be when a movie scout had picked her out in a Canadian movie contest.

She had done all right, at first. Oh, nothing startling but she was coming along. She hadn't really had a chance yet to show what she could do when Janet Keefe had been imported from Vienna, where she had taken her native country by storm. Miss Keefe, Magna-son discovered, looked enough like Joan to be her twin sister; only she had more experience, more sophistication. She was a finished actress. With the appearance of la Keefe on the scene, Joan had been immediately relegated to the lowly position of stand-in, which meant that she didn't have the ghost of a chance ever to make a picture.

Joan turned on to Carleton Way and drew up in front of a neat-looking white stucco apartment building. She dragged herself out of the car and was thankful for the elevator that carried her upstairs. She felt better the moment she stepped inside the apartment. It was cool and dark and restful. She kicked off her shoes and stretched out on the soft chesterfield and closed her eyes.

She might have slept all evening if the phone had not awakened her. The insistent jangling of the bell finally broke through to her tired brain, and muttering a little curse she reached over her head to the end table and lifted the phone from its cradle.

"It's me," Eunice Bennett said breezily—she would say *me*, no matter how many times you corrected her for it. "Thought maybe you'd like to drive down to Caliente with a crowd tomorrow if you aren't working."

Joan shuddered at the thought of Caliente. At the thought of a crowd. Even at the thought of Eunice, her best friend. There was something wrong with you when you felt like this. Your nerves were going. You needed a rest. Get away by yourself. Just get in the car and drive. They were making those Spanish scenes at the studio. Probably would not be called for a couple of days at least. Go up to Arrowhead . . . no farther away . . . Carmel . . .

"Say," Eunice sang the word out, "are you listening?"

"Yes," Joan said, "Oh, yes. No, I can't go tomorrow, Euny. I'm going up to Del Monte." She decided as she spoke. She would stay at the hotel, do a lot of swimming, a lot of resting and some tennis. Have a little fling for herself all alone.

"Who with?" Eunice wanted to know.

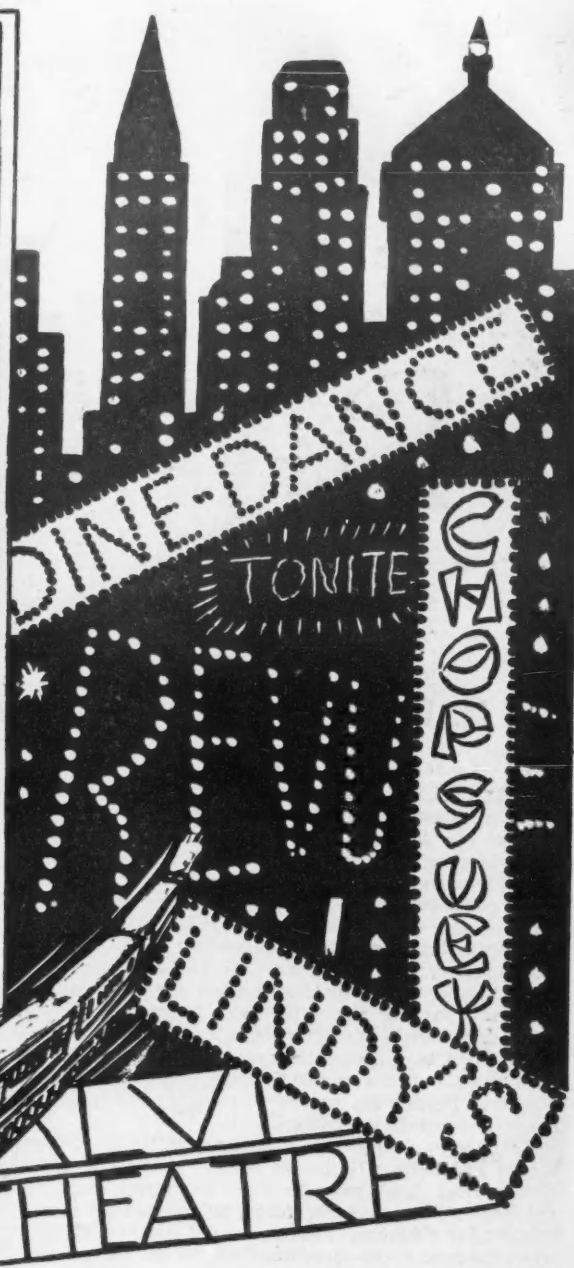
"Just myself," Joan said, feeling good about it already. "I'm tired. Been working like sin. Need a rest."

JOAN WAS young, and the two hours sleep she got coupled with an enormous dinner she was just finishing at McHuron's Grill gave her renewed vigor. She didn't feel at all like taking a rest now. She even toyed with the idea of calling Eunice and telling her that she would go with them tomorrow to Caliente but, she decided, they had probably rounded out their party by this time.

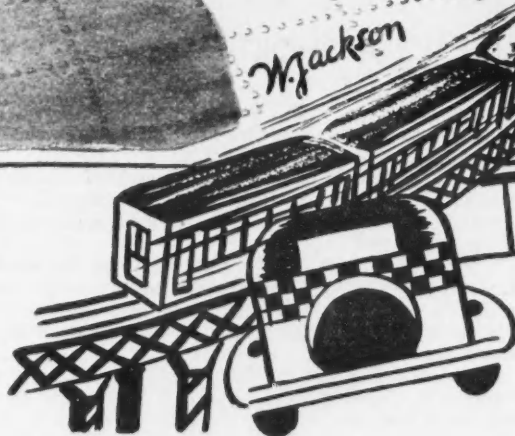
She got in her car and drove down Hollywood to LaBrea. It was a gorgeous night. Balmy and peaceful. Stars in the sky. A moon and all that. It reminded her of warm summer nights at home when she and Stephen had driven out under the white moon with the soft air caressing her face, his strong firm arm forming a comfortable pillow beneath her head.

Janet spoke coolly. She could not afford to be too pleased at this intrusion. A star had to be careful.





BEFORE IT WAS OVER SHE
DISCOVERED HER HUSBAND'S
REAL NATURE . . . WOULD IT
RUIN THE REST OF HER LIFE?



by ELISA BIALK

"Wait till we have a couple of battles," Jim grinned. "Battles! We're never going to fight, are we? We're going to talk everything over sensibly without losing our tempers, won't we?"

"Well," Jim said, tucking her small hand in his, "we'll just wait and see."

THEY GOT off at the downtown bus stop, nearest to the hotel where they had made reservations two weeks before for fear they might not be accommodated. Their bags, which had the same shining newness they had, were piled into a taxi with them, and they scooted off at breakneck speed through the whizzing traffic.

"Tired?" Jim asked, grateful for the privacy of the taxi so that he could put his arms around her. He pressed upon her soft young mouth what was to have been a quick kiss, but which prolonged itself into a two-block long one.

"Here you are," the taxi driver said, and Jim was uncomfortably aware, when he saw his grinning face, that it wasn't the first time he had said it. In his confusion he tipped him far too much, and the chauffeur's grin widened as he called sociably: "Thanks, governor. Newlyweds, huh? Well, good luck."

"How did he know?" Valerie whispered as she followed the bellboy self-consciously into the huge lobby.

NO; VALERIE, reminiscing in the cool lounge of the department store, would never forget their first sight of New York, she told herself. She wouldn't forget any minute of the time they had spent there, either—even that first

dreadful morning when, jumping out of bed and running to the window for her first glimpse of New York by day, she saw a heavy downpour of warm, clammy rain.

Jim woke at her dismay. "Oh well," he said nonchalantly, "rain won't hurt us."

"Not us, maybe . . . but I've got all new clothes."

"We can buy an umbrella."

"It isn't fun wearing new clothes if you've got to carry an umbrella."

She continued to look out disconsolately. Under a shower all cities, their glamor washed away by the rain, their color hidden under dismal sheets of grey, looked the same. Even New York looked like nothing so much as their magnified home town.

"I'm starved," Jim discovered. "If you don't want to go out in the rain, we might as well eat up here."

They breakfasted in their room, feeling guiltily luxurious. The amount of the bill staggered them. "Boy, a few more meals like this and the old bankroll will be shot!" Jim said.

"We'll be able to eat much cheaper away from the hotel, everyone says."

It was a long morning. Valerie finished unpacking. She pressed a few dresses by attaching the travelling iron she had brought with her to a lamp on the dresser from which she removed the bulb. Jim tried to read the papers but flung them aside restlessly. "They seem funny," he complained.

"Can't read them at a glance like you can at home." He paced the floor in an endless circular motion, looking out of the window each time around to see if the rain hadn't stopped.

It hadn't. By noon hunger and restlessness drove them out anyhow, wearing the clothes that would spoil least. They found a cafeteria, grabbed a quick lunch, walked to 42nd and Broadway, paused at the news stand in front of the *Times* building. "Wonder if they have a home paper?" Jim asked, as he looked over the racks that contained papers from all over the country. Valerie tore her fascinated gaze away from Broadway long enough to enquire almost tartly, "You're not going to stand on 42nd and Broadway reading a newspaper in the rain, I hope!"

"Well, what do you want to do, then? It's up to you."

Valerie's forehead divided itself in a thoughtful frown. "We ought to do something that we couldn't do at home." They talked it over for a while, then crossed the street and went to the Paramount to see a movie.

So many exciting things happened in the ensuing days, things which she would never, never forget.

There was that dinner at Lindy's, when Valerie, convinced that they were surrounded by celebrities, was thrilled to an even greater extent when she overheard the woman at the next table say of her: "Isn't that Bette Davis? Yes, [Continued on page 23]"



Honeymoon in New York

VALERIE thought: How strange it is to be alone! She felt unanchored and more than a little lost. Even after only a brief honeymoon together, she found it difficult to remember what it had been like to be without Jim, and already it was impossible to conceive of life without him. But Jim hadn't wanted to go souvenir-shopping with her. "I'd get all tired out, Hon," he had said. "I hate running around from one counter to another."

So she had gone alone, glad of something tangible to keep her mind off the thought that tomorrow they'd be going back home, that their honeymoon would be over, that they'd settle down just like millions of other married couples. She picked up a few small gifts: a pair of earrings for Sibyl Courtney, who had been her bridesmaid; some handkerchiefs for the girls with whom she had worked; stockings for her mother and scarves for her sisters. She bought economically, remembering that it was Jim's, not her own money, that she was spending now.

It was really by chance, while exploring the big store aimlessly, that she wandered into the millinery department. It was really by chance, too, that she saw The Hat.

It was one of those exquisite black velvet feminine creations timed psychologically to arrive at the shops at exactly the moment that women are getting tired of summer togs and the severe ballibuntl and Panama hats that go with them. It was expertly made, smarter and more dashing than any she had ever seen, and the store's label was sewn inside. When she tried it on, saw what it did to her wide blue eyes and her blonde hair, Valerie thought that she'd simply die if she couldn't have it.

"How much is it?" she asked the saleswoman timidly, knowing she had no right to ask, even, because she wouldn't be able to afford it.

"Fifteen dollars," the saleswoman replied as nonchalantly as if it was nothing for a girl to come in and buy a hat for so much money. Maybe it was nothing to some girls, Valerie conceded, taking off the hat grudgingly, with a last lingering look in the mirror, but it was out of the question for her, of course.

"I couldn't afford it," she said.

Her smile was wistful. The saleswoman smiled thinly in answer, wrapped the hat in tissue, put it away in a drawer. Valerie hoped she'd have left it out for a little while so that she could look at it some more. Now there was nothing she could do but leave, taking the memory of The Hat with her, seeing its soft black loveliness be-

fore her eyes, feeling its expert workmanship fitting snugly upon her head. Even the recollection of it lent her an air of excitement, brought new color to her cheeks and additional sparkle to her eyes.

It was a very warm day and she felt the heat and a sudden weariness. She sat down in the cool ladies' lounge to rest for a few moments, pulled off the white hat that felt devastatingly plain after that other. Relaxed, she couldn't keep the thought out any longer: They were going back tomorrow. Their honeymoon in New York was over. They'd start keeping house in the little four-room cottage they had found on the outskirts of the town, and children would come, and one thing and another would happen, and they'd probably never come back to New York again. It was just by luck, really, that they had been able to come now. They were crazy to have taken their honeymoon so far away, she supposed, what with times as they were and everything. Then, too, she had the guilty feeling that when Jim had asked her, "Well, where do you want to go for a honeymoon?" he had in mind a short jaunt somewhere. But only Mr. Levine, who owned the best shop in town, went to New York with any degree of regularity, and only a handful of people had been there at all.

So when Valerie answered without thinking, expressing her lifelong desire, she had cried ecstatically, "New York!" Jim looked surprised for only a moment before he said, "Okay, but we'll have to count our pennies." They had cut their wedding expenses to the bone so that they might have the honeymoon, and hadn't spent a cent on entertainment for weeks before. They hadn't bought a couple of pieces of furniture they needed because they could always add those things as they went along, they figured. In the end, Valerie persuaded Jim to add to the honeymoon account the money she had left after buying linens and small household necessities. When they figured it out, penny by penny, they found they'd have just enough to carry them through.

They had chosen to come by bus and use the extra money for a big hotel instead of taking the train and stopping at one of the smaller ones. "The ride won't seem long," Valerie said; "we'll have so much to talk about." But they found that when two people are engaged for more than a year, there's not much left for them to talk about after they're married. However there was sufficient excitement in the journey—neither of them had been far from home before—to keep them from being bored.



She would never forget the excitement of that night, when they had actually arrived in New York. There was, first, that interminable wait in line to go through the tunnel, then the bus going into high, picking up speed, plunging through the black cavern like a giant torpedo, its motor singing in accompaniment to the swish of air it produced in its swift progress. Valerie clung to Jim and the vacuum of the tube closed in on them, caused a drumming in her ears and a strange stifling sensation, almost like the one she had experienced when the minister asked her to say "I do."

The weight lifted from her ears as the bus slackened its pace, and the strange stifling sensation was replaced by renewed exultance. "Now," she breathed as they emerged from the tunnel, "we are in New York!"

"We sure are, I guess," Jim answered. "This must be downtown."

"But do you get into downtown first?" uncertainly. "In most cities, downtown is in the middle."

"The maps said this was downtown. You remember," he prompted, "Greenwich Village must be near here."

"Greenwich Village!" Valerie poked her head through the window. "This can't be Greenwich," she said a moment later. "It's awfully dirty."

"We'll find out soon enough."

Valerie leaned against his strong young shoulder. "I can't believe it, Jim!" she cried excitedly. "Being in New York at last, after all our hoping and planning—and being married at last, after all our hoping and planning. Just think, we've been married two days already. That makes us pretty much of an old married couple, doesn't it?"



STARRING the QUINTS

A INTRICATE PROBLEM IN MOVIE-MAKING

by
ROBERT WATSON

Hollywood Dec. 2nd.

THE MOVIES have undertaken what is probably their most difficult job yet—the starring of the Dionne Quintuplets in a feature picture.

In the past the babies have been photographed cooing and laughing as they tumbled about the floor of their germ-proof "hospital" at Callander. But that won't do when they're starred in Twentieth Century-Fox picture, tentatively titled "The Country Doctor." Henry King, the director, wants to glorify Yvonne, and Cecile, and Emelie, and Annette, and Marie so that you'll know this one from that. He wants to develop each individual mannerism and personality. He wants to weave them definitely into the story.

And if it's difficult to make your own little junior perform for relatives or long-suffering guests, what a troublesome task faces Henry King! For he must make the eighteen-months-old babies do their stuff in front of an army of strange-looking men; before a mountain of cameras and sound equipment; in the glaring brilliance of blazing arc lights, and with yards of cable wire on every hand. All in all, enough to distract any baby girl—let alone five of them—and liable to keep any baby in a constant state of wide-eyed curiosity or nervous fear.

Yet these problems of catching the Quints at their individual tricks and perhaps filming some definite expression of surprise, joy or woe, is not the biggest difficulty. About seven times the usual number of engineers will be on hand. Cameras will be set in every available corner of the big playroom, and the men should be able to catch some unconscious moments. Some definite leads will be given, of course. For instance, as Sonia Levine, the script writer says: "It would be interesting to show them being taught to say their prayers. The individual reactions of Marie,

of their lives, the differences in their temperaments, and the effect of their birth on the community about them, will all be filmed. There will be an adult love story centred about the country doctor, to be played by Jean Hersholt, and his nurse, pretty Dorothy Peterson; but the five dark-eyed little girls will be the main attraction.

Henry King, who, as director, will be responsible for the successful completion of the filming, has been actor, producer, writer and director. He was responsible for the discovery of the late Ernest Torrence, Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper. He has produced "The White Sister," "Way Down East," "State Fair," and other notable successes.

He will have a company of about thirty people to work with—engineers, technicians, cameramen and screen writers, as well as an assistant director, unit men and property men. Darryl Zanuck himself, vice-president and chief of productions for the Twentieth Century-Fox company, will be in attendance. Jean Hersholt, who has had many character parts in successful pictures, will go to Callander, as will Dorothy Peterson, who plays opposite him.

Dr. Dafoe himself has insistently refused all offers to appear in the picture. He feels that his profession is too sacred a thing to bear exploitation in any way. The parents of the babies will not appear in the picture; nor will their brothers and sisters.

The original idea for the story belongs to Charles Blake, a newspaper reporter on the Chicago American, who covered the story at Callander for his paper when the babies were born. Later, Blake flew back with the incubators that aided so greatly in tiding the babies over the first precarious months, and formed a close friendship with Dr. Dafoe. Blake was largely responsible for persuading Dr. Dafoe to make his memorable trip to New York and Chicago.

The story goes that Blake arrived in Hollywood recently, with a single sheet of typewritten [Continued on page 37]

the serious one, as compared to Cecile, the lively one, would probably embody every element of real drama."

On top of the natural difficulty of filming five babies, will be the amount of time allotted. It is in the contract that no more than thirty minutes a day of actual filming time be spent.

Further difficulties lie in the working conditions. No labor union ever demanded more protection than the guardians of the Quints. A special light-filtering machine will protect the babies' eyes from the glare of the lamps. The most stringent precautions must be taken to guard them from infection or menace to their health in any way.

Dr. Dafoe, as physician to the little girls, will be in constant attendance. His word will be final. The nurses also will be on guard.

It's all going to mean one of the most intricate problems in the history of movie-making.

TENTATIVELY TITLED "The Country Doctor"—the name may have to be changed owing to a prior claim—the picture to be made by Twentieth Century-Fox Company will place the emphasis of interest on the babies. The routine



THIS DARK

by N. DeBERTRAND LUGRIN

THE ONLY TIMES she drifted into unconsciousness were when the pains became too great and they gave her the Sleep. In between she knew quite well what was going on about her—the two nurses whispering; the doctors, one of them, always at the bedside.

She could even feel the flutter of wind across her face from the wide-open windows; smell the lilac down there in the garden, and hear the far-off ecstasy of the skylarks soaring above the silver-green oats in the meadowland.

But they kept on saying to one another, the nurses and the doctors: "She is in a state of coma. Doubtful if she will rouse, even when her daughter comes."

She might have opened her eyes and told them: "I am wide awake." But what was the use! It tired her even to whisper. Besides she wanted to see what she could do about the story she was telling herself.

That's what she had been doing for twenty years, telling stories and writing them—the sort of stories the world liked to read. She'd made her living that way, a living for the family. More than that, really, for two best sellers had brought her a fortune. That was why it could be like this when she came to die—nurses and doctors and the merciful Sleep to dull agony.

The story she was telling herself now was one she had never written. It was not romantic, exciting or satisfying enough. The public wanted drama, action, passion, a triumphant climax. None of those belonged to this story.

It was about a man who hadn't made good. That in itself was enough to condemn it, and it ended on a futile note. Yet she knew, if it were fiction, she could make something of Harry. Give him a dominant trait, an incentive, and a courage to battle opposing forces, which was correct story technique. Show him always like a steadily burning flame in the dark obscurities and failures of his life. But the trouble was that she couldn't alter facts.

That was why she kept building and rebuilding the story, using the old scenes she knew so well in various ways, so that Harry should stand out as something more clean-cut and forceful. How else could she make him a main character? But he wouldn't stand out. He seemed only to walk on and off the stage without any accomplishment. It was very baffling.

Even now, if she could only give the story a different ending, it might do. Often she had written chapter after chapter about ordinary people and events, lovings, hatings, matings, births, deaths—and then worked all of these little, everyday things and people into a sudden, splendid climax.

But she couldn't do that with this story because Harry had died three years ago, and that was the end, no matter how one looked at it.

IF SHE had had the courage twenty years back to refuse to marry him, his whole life might have been vastly different. But there it was. She'd been bound by convention, parental discipline, afraid of her own heart; though it had been so evident from the first, that marriage with him was all wrong.

If she had dared break with him later, when he opened Gail's letter and read all the beautiful, passionate phrases which Gail knew so well how to write, he might have found a woman who would have suited him down to the ground and the two of them made a fine thing of life. But she had put Gail aside for good, and clung to her duty to Harry as she



A SHORT, SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

had seen it, as she had always tried to hold fast to it, afraid even to think of divorce and of letting Harry go free.

When the crash came and the money went, Harry couldn't "take it." He blamed her. If she had been a different wife, he would not have been so reckless. The catastrophe would not have happened.

"You've never cared a bit for me. Always prating about duty, and so wrapped up in your own thoughts that if a man lived with you a thousand years, he'd never know you."

He became a walking diatribe at war with the world, but most of all, with her.

It was just before Nellie was born, that she began to write. Driven to it. Nothing to meet expenses. Success had been slow, but it had come. She paid for Nellie. Paid for David and Margaret, too—For their upbringing and their college. Now and then, whenever he made any money, Harry had contributed. They had lived on together, outwardly friendly. The children had never guessed anything.

But he hated her work. Begrudged her success. If it had not been for that, he might have done something, he said. She had always stood in his light. He would not touch her money.

Once she knew he had been unfaithful, a sordid sort of thing. There might have been other affairs. She was often away, weeks, months at a time. But when she returned he was always there. He had a garden, worked in it from morning till night.

Then shortly after David had been appointed on the Trade Commission and gone to Australia, Harry had been badly hurt—a motor accident.

Such an unsatisfactory story. Poor Harry! He had had lots of good points. Patient and hard-working as he grew older. And he loved all growing things, was gentle with birds and animals and children. He knew the weather, could tell unfaillingly when a storm was coming, liked to watch the play of lightning and listen to the flail of rain.

That was why, when thunderclouds piled up and she knew that presently the world would rock and the sky split open, she liked to be near him—the only time she ever felt the need of him. He was not afraid, and she was—unreasonably, childishly afraid of the storm and the dark.

Only a few months before he was hurt, there had been a thunderstorm. It waked her in the middle of the night. She cringed under the bedclothes away from it. But it came into the room and followed her beneath the blankets, making splitting, green cracks in the tumult of darkness.

In a panic of fear she ran to Harry's room. He was awake.

He said, laughing a little, and obviously expecting her: "I thought you might come," and turned down the covers, so that she might get in beside him.

Little things like that she remembered now; little, foolish things that didn't make any difference in the story.

He had not even gone out on a worthwhile note. Not as though he had died trying to save somebody or something. He'd merely been knocked in the head, on his way home with some tomato plants he had meant to put in that same night. And he had been especially and vehemently abusive of the world and things all day before he left for town.

Ah—the pain again! The small, premonitory stabs. Presently it would become so poignant that she would cry out. So much worse than labor pains! They had been bad, but she had never made a sound, trying to conserve her strength for bringing the baby. But now, it was as though she wanted to spend it, wear herself out, end the wretched struggle.

Strange! The little stabs were quieting and yet there was no cool touch on her arm, or any little needle prick.

Nurse Deborah said "You'd better call doctor."

He came, and they bent over her, while he laid his hands on her. Then he said, his voice a long way off:

"It's nearly over."

No pain at all now. Only a deep and wonderful peace. She would like to tell them, so they could tell Nellie, but she was too tired to speak. She tried to smile.

Then there was a great whirring and rustling like the strong, west wind in the trees; a warm, mothering wind in the blackness of night.

She was out in it, the litting, throbbing Dark. All alone. No sight, no other sound than the pulse of it, a mighty breathing. The Breath of life beyond death.

She tried to be brave. But it was all so vast, and she was so alone. Beyond everything. Nothing to hold to. Somewhere, some time she would know more than this perhaps, but not yet. She tried to speak, but was afraid. She knew she was incomplete, lacking something, something that should be there to carry her over this abyss of Night. Without it, she couldn't bridge it, her pulse was too feeble.

Then came a voice quite clear and familiar.

"Hulloa, so there you are."

Harry. Speaking out of the blackness, close beside her.

The comfort of that! Like wings enfolding, and uplifting. "I thought you'd have gone on, Harry, out of the night."

"No, I waited for you."

"Waited—three years!"

"Yes, I knew you'd be afraid of this Dark."



by BERYL GRAY

She crouched on the fine, soft sand, her heart pounding in terror, as the two men struggled.

situation. Here . . . hold on. We've not finished yet!" He caught her wrist suddenly, as she turned sharply away; and she wheeled about, her grey eyes flashing.

"If you don't stop, I'll . . ."

"Scream and bite, and smack me in the face," the young man returned amiably and released his hold, turning his attention to a cigarette. "It's nice to think that girls still grow that way. But don't worry—it's O.K. with me, my dear. I'm not so desperate for kisses. I only wanted to help you out, and Uncle Greer as well. Seriously though, it seems a pity that you shouldn't care for a place like West Craigport. Why not?"

"Because it's too full of men like you!" she retorted. He leaned forward, elbows on counter, well-cut chin in hands, studying her appraisingly.

"Oh, I don't imagine they'll annoy you long, if you keep on like that," reflectively. "We have other girls in Craigport . . . pretty ones, too," he added. "No. Don't hunt up anything to throw at me, either . . . I might retaliate by springing over there and really kissing you, then. But your judgment is quite wrong. They're not all like me. Not a bit." He shook his black head. "Some men might think that look in your eye was an invitation, and others might resent it. It might make both kinds feel inclined to get a bit rough. Only personally I know better. I imagine you're perhaps just a little . . . inexperienced."

For a moment Lorna stared, speechless, with the helpless rage of any young girl who knows that she is being laughed at, however politely, by a young man of very obvious experience. And in that moment the peace of the September air in a brief lull of the rumbling voices without, was shattered by a bevy of young girls flocking to the end of the wharf. "It is . . . I knew it was Kerry's boat!" An excited clamor and giggling began in earnest. "Oh, Kerry . . . Kerry . . .!"

Kerry wheeled around, his white teeth flashing in something that was still amused, and quite delighted, too . . . for he could not have wished an entry more well timed. He raised a hand in greeting.

"Hi! How are you!" He swung outside, perhaps not unaware of the grace that neither the rough blue jersey nor the heavy boots could hide. "Well Mabs—hello there, sweethearts!" He flung a careless arm around those nearest, in that babbling cluster. "Such welcome for the seafarer come home!"

Their voices died away, and a smoldering hatred of all West Craigport broke into an intensified hatred of that vain, insolent, boastful, smooth-tongued . . . ! She moved impatiently, because her thoughts went beyond mere words, and attacked the new pile of dirty dishes fiercely.

IT WAS a nightmare she could not get used to—thrown suddenly from the backstreets of an inland town, into a world of wind and sea, strange smells and loud-voiced fishermen. Not even to her mind a pretty place—reached by a narrow strip of road across a long neck of land, comprising only sand, rough grass and roaming cattle. And the port itself—though protected by the outer bar—always faintly vibrant with the ceaseless roar of ocean breakers. A few rough shacks along the sandy shore—the main life teeming on the wharf itself. Sheds and restaurants; nets, floats, piles of wire baskets; the rumble of heavy trucks loading for the city markets—and all around, the varied boats of the Craigport fishing fleet. She hated it. The bold-eyed girls, the loud, vigorous women in the store across the way—and all the pleasantries and glances of the men in and out for their food and talk and beer.

And now, added to all, Kerry [Continued on page 53.]

AT THAT moment, the young man sitting at the counter, apparently intent on a meal spread out before him, raised a pair of very dark, amused eyes. "Well, let no one say I'd lose a chance to live up to my reputation," in the same soft, easy voice that had ordered ham and eggs not long before. "Shall we get you settled now, or how about a nice stroll after dark?"

The girl drew back sharply, suddenly aware of the closeness of that tanned young face, the bold dark eyes beneath

soft straight blue-black hair, and the firm flash of straight white teeth. "Kerry O'Foyle at your service," he continued, and his hard brown, yet slender hand fell lightly across the counter close to her arm. She started at the barely perceptible touch of his fingers, and the angry color deepened.

"Don't be ridiculous," briefly. "You needn't think, because you hear that sort of talk . . ."

"Why, of course I don't," he broke in soothingly, his dark eyes smiling into hers. "But you must admit, it's a novel



A MEMORABLE STORY THIS . . . OF
ELEMENTAL LOVES AND HATES
SET IN A CANADIAN FISHING PORT

AND SO I said to her, 'Now look, my girl, I've always claimed a bargain's a bargain, and you'll have to understand I'm not the man to change my mind!' Greer Thomson's voice was loud and righteous. "A good square deal it was, at that. Her ma's my Emmy's sister, see! And she was kind of weak and ailing, too, and Emmy got it in her head she'd like to take her along to my brother's farm down East. And so I figured things and said I'd be willing to stand the pair of them the trip, if that young girl of hers would come and run the store for me. Yes sir, that was the bargain, and a mighty good one for the girl, without work as she was, and sickly. A good soft life behind the counter, strong sea air, and plenty of real fine, admiring company. Though it does beat me sometimes what they see in anyone so pale, and full of high and mighty notions—but as I say, there's tastes and tastes . . . !"

The voice rose in power, so that it penetrated richly from the wharf outside, where Greer Thomson held an audience around a fishing net in process of repair—through the rear wall of the store, straight to the ears of young Lorna Douglas. She stood behind the very counter under discussion, and in that moment at least, there was little pallor in her face.

"And what's wrong with the girl, that she's complaining now?" came another question. "There's many a one would be glad to take a job like that out of her hands."

"You're right. A pack of city fol-de-rol!" in emphatic scorn. "But I'll not stand with breaking any bargains just because she doesn't relish the smell of fish or the sight of crabs, and fears a blow of wind. And raising the very devil

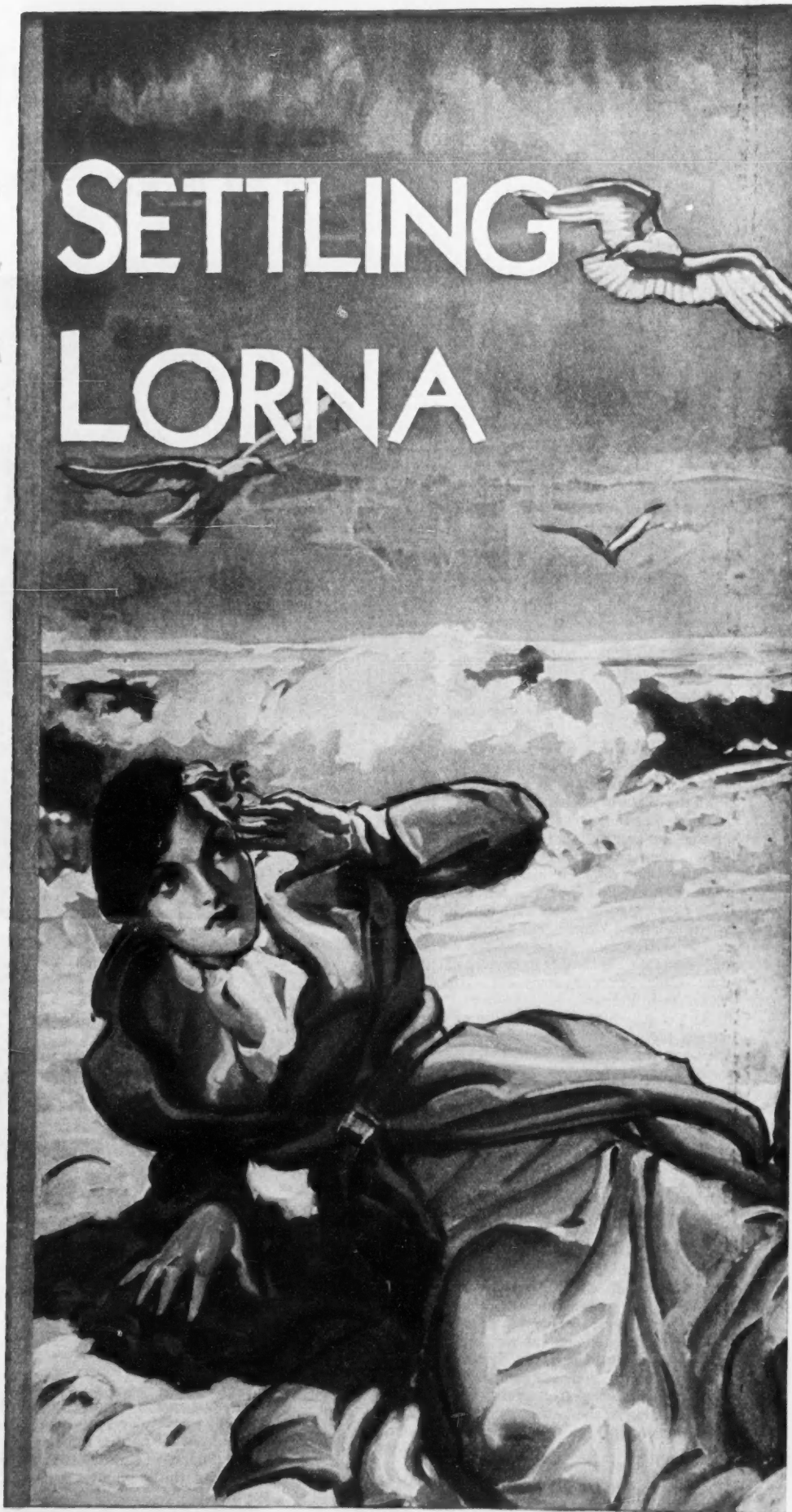
of a song because the Peters lad was feeling gay and gave her a bit or a hug and a kiss! I'll not stand for her fancy ways interfering with my trade!"

"Ho ho," from a younger, boisterous voice. "Bit of a kiss is good, I'll warrant. From what I've heard . . ." His tones dropped, and a burst of merriment ensued.

"Well—I'll not say I'm blaming her entirely." The orator's tones were slightly mollified. "I've heard his ways don't take with every woman, and I've always claimed a

bit of modesty will keep a lad guessing. She'll likely look more kindly at that young O'Foyle. He's got some fancy ways himself, and I hear he's come in from the deep sea boats today, to start in with the crabs."

"Man, you'll not need to worry over broken bargains then!" There was new emphasis in the vigorous rejoinder. "Once yon wee lass sets eyes on that son of the very devil, there'll be no losing her. When Kerry O'Foyle gives her one of those fine kisses he's so handy with, she'll be settled . . ."



The Baroness's Head

THE THRILLING MYSTERY MOUNTS TO A DRAMATIC CLIMAX AS MANY STRANGE CLUES ARE UNEARTHED

by PAUL SCHUBERT

A VERY AMATEUR detective would have found it simple to discover the means by which Commissar Till had entered the Schloss. The stout official's muddy footprints led up the stairs and through the upper hall to Agnes's room, where the ladder had furnished easy access from the outside world. The discovery of the ladder and the subsequent penetration of the house had plunged the spy into his element.

"Where's the body?" Till demanded in his rasping voice.

"I'll show you the way," Geoffrey answered shortly.

If Till had been filled with dissatisfaction during the afternoon, his sentiments on climbing the tower steps were as close to pleasure as he was capable of experiencing. Here, at last, was progress. He followed the scent with the eagerness of a lumbering bear.

At the entrance to the tower room he seemed to expand until he assumed a monumental aspect. Here, before him, were the records, the traces, which would trap a double murderer.

In a few terse questions he had the story of his discovery from Geoffrey. Then he began to study the room.

It was evident at first glance that the unfortunate physician had been shot down just as he entered. The bullet had penetrated the body, coming out under the left shoulder blade.

And the murderer? What spot had he occupied when he fired? Had he been sitting at the table, waiting? Had not the doctor moved directly toward the man who shot him?

It was a simple, oaken table, darkened with time; a few writing materials and a candle stub rested on its surface. Till went to it, conscious that he was entering the space which had recently contained the man whose thoughts and motives he was so anxious to penetrate.

Why had the murderer been at the table? The detective pulled open the single table drawer, covering his hand with a handkerchief and avoiding the knob as he gingerly took hold of the wood. There were a number of papers in the drawer, heaped in untidy order which might as well have indicated a hasty search as that the desk's habitual user was a man of careless ways. Till glanced at the uppermost sheet; his eyebrows lifted when he noticed that it was a letter dated within the week.

Geoffrey's fingers twitched as he saw the detective glance through the type-written sentences.

If the shot had actually been fired from this location, the spent bullet would have struck the stone at the head of the steps, about four feet above the floor. Till's eyes followed the line of flight and his heavy tread crossed the room.

Actually, there was an indent in the stone, as though it had been struck with a small pointed hammer within six inches of the spot which his eyes had picked out. The detective bent over, carefully searching the floor, expecting at any moment to find the flattened bit of jacketed lead which had taken a man's life. But the search was futile.

The empty cartridge case might possibly be lying in the immediate vicinity of the table. But the tiny brass shell likewise eluded Till's search. Strange, thought the detective. Did it indicate that the murderer had stopped to hunt for both bullet and cartridge case before taking flight?

Dr. Albrecht had come in and found the murderer, perhaps as the man was going through the papers in the drawer.

The doctor had not been frightened, nor had he expected to be shot. In such event he would either have stopped short in surprise and the bullet would have toppled him over backward, or he would have started to turn in flight and would be crumpled up in a heap.

The room showed every indication of having been lived in. The bed looked as though someone had slept on it during the afternoon.

"Who lived in this room?" the detective demanded of Geoffrey.

"I don't know."

"Why didn't you notify the police if you knew someone was here?"

"I felt it was wiser to await further developments."

Till's gaze focused upon Geoffrey with growing indignation. "If you know anything further," he snapped, "I call on you to reveal it now or face serious charges."

"One thing I can tell you," said Geoffrey quietly. "The man who was concealed in this room was a political personality of international importance. I don't know whether he is guilty of the murders or not, but I advise you to be extremely certain before you accuse him, and to treat him carefully if you do arrest him." [Continued on page 30]

His left eye looked down into the shallow pit that had struck such a blow to all his careful plans.





Mrs. George Black, M.P. for the Yukon has started on a career at what is usually called the "eventide" of life.

THE LIFE I'VE LIVED

by MRS. GEORGE BLACK, M.P.

As told to ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

IT WAS those men of the North who did it—this ridiculous thing of sending an old woman of seventy years to represent them in the parliament of Canada. It was those men who started me on a career, at the age that is usually called the 'eventide' of life," said Mrs. George Black, of Dawson, newly elected federal member for Yukon, to me, when, as a representative of *Chatelaine*, I called upon her. "Yes, I am pleased about it, too," she continued. "But, as I look ahead to the responsibility of the next five years, in low moments I have said to my friends, 'Why did you do this?' And I am confronted with many a long-forgotten incident of my past—those grand old days of the Yukon.

"Do you remember when you lived on the flats?" said one of them to me. "The night I asked if I might live in one of your mill cabins?" You said, "Sure, but that one is so dilapidated, it isn't fit for a dog." Then I cut my foot. You came to help and every day you sent your son with food.

"Do you remember the time I was a street worker and came to your house to turn off the water?" said another. "You told me I looked half frozen; that I had better come in and get warm. You were just making a cup of coffee for yourself and told me to come and have one with you."

"I'm not telling you all this to dramatize myself as a good fellow," said Mrs. Black, "but it just goes to show how sometimes the very smallest deeds, good or evil, all in a day's work, may have a hundredfold return."

OF COURSE, I had my troubles, too. There were the younger women who said, in the strong, unadorned language of the North: "What can this d—d old woman do for us at Ottawa?" That was hard to take, yet my worst wish for them is that I only hope when they reach my age, they have my legs, my stomach, my heart and, what I like to call, my headpiece. Yes, the Lord did give me wonderful health.

"My campaign was probably different to any other in Canada. In the Yukon there are only two political parties,

the 'Blacks' and the Liberals, with 1805 registered voters in a territory of over 200,000 square miles. There is no radio and we only had seven meetings. I owe my 134 majority to personal canvassing and — a split in the Liberal party.

"To reach voters I had to travel by small boat, motor, steamer, two-horse team and the old reliable Shanks's mare. Once I walked several miles to visit three voters, one of whom had declared himself 'agin' me. But it was worth it, for those voters in turn had to walk eight miles to vote. Another time my car got stuck in two and a half feet of mudmire, and I had to tramp miles to get assistance. Frequently we came upon herds of caribou and flocks of ptarmigan, the grouselike bird that changes its color to white in winter, in keeping with its surroundings, then back to greens and browns the other seasons. In my river travels my small boat would sometimes lose power amid stream. This necessitated forced landings on uninhabited shores, where I could at least rehearse my campaign speeches to the odd bear cub.

"But often in the rugged beauty and deep silences of this wonderful country, I forgot all about the parliament of Canada, and searched, as I have done for years, for the beautiful wild flowers of the Territory. This is my real hobby and my greatest ambition is to write a beautifully illustrated book about them. I have collected 464 varieties."

AT THIS point Mrs. Black gave me a set of beautiful photoprint post-cards of colored Yukon wild flowers, made from her pressed specimens. The sight of the flowers awakened a train of memories.

"Yes, I've been in the Yukon thirty-seven years. I went over the Chilkoot Pass on that famous trail of '98—that trail of heartbreaks and dead hopes.

"I have known what it was to be hungry. I have known the darkest hours a woman can have in that grim north country—for there, in January, alone, in a little cabin, far

from home, friends and medical aid, I bore my third son. I didn't dare spend any of my rapidly dwindling money except for bare necessities, because it would be weeks before I received more from my father. How I longed for an apple, an orange or a potato! But these cost a dollar apiece. Well do I remember that unpalatable first meal after the baby was born—cornmeal, prunes and tea, with no milk or sugar.

"Of course I myself was entirely to blame. I would go to the Yukon with my first husband, William Purdy, who was tired of his paymaster's job on the Chicago Rock Island Pacific Railroad, of which his father was president. He didn't want to take me. But I got my parents, who were retired on a 10,000 acre ranch in Kansas, to take my two older sons. I didn't know, until it was too late to turn back, that I was going to have another baby.

"My husband soon grew tired of the country. He couldn't bear its hardships. He was impatient to depart. I couldn't possibly risk the long trip out. He went and I stayed.

"Yes, I was poor, but I made a rich discovery, too—the infinite kindness of the pioneers. Always the world over, it is the people of a new primitive country who are the salt of the earth. They have a fine courage which they know how to keep alive in each other. They know how to share their pitifully few material possessions. The gifts those men brought me! Red flannel for the baby. Cherished pots of jam brought from home. A tablecloth for my Christmas dinner table. You learn to love your fellowmen in the North, I came out a wreck of ninety-eight pounds,

THE NEXT few years were full of trouble, climaxed by the loss of my husband. There often comes a crisis in a person's life, when the easiest way is to quit altogether. I overheard my parents' expressions of worry about me, of their apparent failure to arouse me to any interest in life. This showed me how utterly self-centred I had been, how ungrateful for their love and kindness. I resolved to buck up. "Only the weak go down," I said. I dressed for dinner.

"And it was the Yukon that saved me. There's a lure about that country you can't get out of your blood. I took my three boys and went back to Dawson, to manage a saw and quartz mill purchased by my father. It was here that I met my present husband, George Black, a rising young barrister. In 1904 we were married. His progress was rapid—four one-year terms in the local assembly, then Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, a position that carries with it wider powers than a governorship.

"In the early days I used to deplore constantly that only the rich and important were entertained at Government House. I always felt that its doors should have been thrown wide open to the people who lived in the little shacks—those who had sacrificed so many of the comforts and beauties of life to live in the North. Little did I think I would not only see this hope fulfilled, but have full power to carry it out.

"And so, whenever I'm asked what I did to further my husband's career, my answer is: 'Mostly cooking meals and shaking cocktails.' Yes, I drink, smoke, and play bridge for money; all of which, I believe, is one's personal business. Drunkenness disgusts me and so does overeating. One must be moderate and sensible in all things. My work the last five years, as the wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons, was just a glorified housewife's accomplishment. It was entertaining on behalf of the Government of Canada and everything with which to do it.

"That's all the preparation I have ever had for what people like to call my career—just looking after the grandest husband in the world, and before that, washing and feeding three small boys, who, I'm sure, had the world's record for gathering dirt and eating pies."

TWO HOURS had sped by and it was time to go. As I walked away from this gracious, clever woman, who scorned the usual feminine weaknesses of hiding one's age, who frankly settled for herself the right to smoke or drink when and where she chose, who was as much at home in a king's palace as in a little cabin of the great hinterland, I knew why the people of the North had voted for her. I, too, had basked in the warmth of a vivid and vital personality. I had met a great humanitarian—a fearless woman who was born to be a member of the government "of the people, for the people, by the people." I could still hear her saying: "And when I get to Ottawa I am going to fight for roads and more roads for the Yukon, for a minimum wage and for the elimination of some of those existing bunkhouses that I wouldn't use for dog kennels."

As I recalled her fresh face, I knew that the once universally accepted truism, that beauty fades with age, was not so; that beauty may be enhanced with age. It may be attained by meeting the ups and downs of life courageously and humorously, which in time gives to the face a beauty all its own. And then, of course, wise women like Mrs. Black know the importance of a few quiet hours with beauty experts who have secrets to tell of keeping grey hair soft and beautiful, of preserving a delicate tint to the skin, of keeping one's figure, and dressing it to the best advantage. And when Old Mother Nature has added to this a dimpled smile, a pair of twinkling blue eyes, a flair for clothes, a soft musical voice, wonders are worked—even the wonder of helping a woman to get elected to the Canadian House of Commons.

EVERYWHERE...

*...the sunny,
sparkling favorite!*



(Note: When a soup is so good that it goes round the world—that's news for your appetite.)

Many a traveler to foreign shores has come back with a twinkling eye and a merry story about discovering Campbell's Tomato Soup in some far off corner of the earth. And no wonder, for its deliciousness, its tang and zest have made friends for it everywhere. It is far and away *the world's most popular soup.*

And this is why: For over a quarter of a century, choice tomatoes have been specially bred for it in Campbell's

hothouses and gardens. Fine, sweet table butter is used to make it still smoother and even more nourishing. The most skillful seasoning adds the final exquisite touch. And, following Campbell's special recipe, internationally known chefs bring this greatest of soups to such perfection that every time you eat it you will say there is not another tomato soup like it.

News is news. But tasting says it all so much better. Why not serve Campbell's Tomato Soup tomorrow?



The wish I wish
This very minute
Is for a plate
With Campbell's in it!

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

What's Wrong With Our Schools?

BEING "agin the government" is a time-honored failing of the human race, but being "agin" the government's child, our educational system, is a rarer malady confined mainly, in the eyes of the public, to cranks and sour grape-ists. For most of us have been led to believe that our schools are God's gift to the young, and we have worshipped them accordingly.

Naturally I do not regard myself as a crank, nor would I appreciate any accusation about the harboring of sour grapes; but I am one of those most dangerous of creatures, a mother of young children, and I find much that is actually harmful in those highly praised institutions.

I began to be doubtful of school methods when my young hopeful started to feel a little unwell on week-day mornings. Day by day he needed bigger and better sales talks to get him launched upon his snail-like crawl to school. Always there were grumblings, often tears, and sometimes real scenes which made me feel as if I were sending a lamb to the slaughter. It was quite obvious that school was no bed of roses for John. If it was his fault, I wanted to know how I could correct it. If the school was to blame I also wanted to know in which way. After all, how many of us know what happens after the wriggling lines of kiddies have marched into school, leaving an unbelievable hush on the previously sound-tortured air?

To start with the marching lines. John was star-gazing and tripped the boy behind him. Result: See the Principal and stay in after school. Mary talked and giggled; same result. Howard pinched his partner with disastrous consequences.

Some schools have found that it pays to let the youngsters go into school in a less military fashion; the restriction of line formation actually seems to create trouble. I wish that schools could realize that the restriction of sitting cooped in an uncomfortable seat, tongue-tied and bored also creates troubles—troubles like deceit. What youngster has not carried on clandestine communication with his neighbor, or read a pirate story when he was supposed to be engaged in



—Photographic Arts

**A VEHEMENT PROTEST FROM A MODERN MOTHER
WHO CLAIMS THAT UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS
OUR CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT THE WRONG THINGS
AT THE WRONG TIME IN THE WRONG WAY**

by KATHLEEN DREW ALLIN

learning the dates of the kings of England? Or trouble like resentment, for what child can see any rhyme or reason to the restriction to which he is subjected? Or trouble that comes from a loathing of learning. Would even the most enthusiastic bridge player enjoy bridge if he were chained to a table five hours a day and forced to keep his nose to the

grindstone of Culbertson?

But we have only marched inside the front doors and first must visit the kindergarten.

The Kindergarten

SINCE the kindergarten is to most of its teachers as the sacred cow to the inhabitants of India, it might be wise to avoid criticizing it. I am sure that most mothers think it a perfect place for their kiddies; I did at first. John brought home pretty mats and folded paper and many other gewgaws. The Christmas party with its games and songs made all us mothers exclaim in raptures. Probably because we were not looking for them, we saw few outward and visible signs of the stereotyped methods of teaching which are actually present in our kindergartens. For instance, did you know that in many kindergartens even the box of blocks the children use must be opened according to Hoyle? One, touch the lid, two, lift it up, and so on, like the goose-step.

The blocks themselves must be used in very definite ways. Your Jim may not build a train out of them when teacher has decided that a bench is to be made by the class. Even the bench must be constructed according to a definite pattern. When your Anne is folding the

four corners of a paper to the centre, first one corner, then its diagonal must be turned in; never may any other order be followed. When the kiddies are playing birds or butterflies, all must raise their "wings" in the same way—the teacher's way. Their plasticine boats must be of teacher's model, and Fred's snakes, the joy of every plasticine artist, are frowned upon.

The kindergarten is, however, but the first step in the manufacture of that modern product, the "educated child," which is turned out each year from our schools in mass production, sealed, stamped and delivered—cost so many dollars and cents.

Early Grades

In the first grade reading is taught in quite an interesting way, thanks to some of the newer [Continued on page 19]

What's Wrong With Our Schools

(Continued from page 16)

work-books and primers. Certainly the children learn quickly and seem keen about it. My main criticism with regard to reading is that most schools have very few books for the children. A few schools are getting over this difficulty by having a library corner in the classroom. Instead of buying forty-five copies of one book so that every child has the same story to read at the same time, forty-five different books are bought and the children take turns reading them as they would in a library. This is to be commended because with this choice of books the children learn that reading can be a pleasure as well as a task.

Teach Arithmetic Too Soon

Methods of teaching arithmetic have decidedly improved since the heyday of our own youth, but more than half our youngsters loathe it, in spite of all the tricks the teachers use to cram it into their heads. Why is this so? Mainly because we teach it too soon.

Some youngsters, not necessarily the bright ones, have had more experience with numbers and hence are more aware of them than are others. These kiddies count the blocks of pavement in the sidewalk the cars that pass; they count the panes of glass in the windows and almost the hairs of your head. If they have also fully realized that figures are the written symbols of these things they have counted and recounted, then they are ready for arithmetic and it will have some meaning for them.

The other children are not ready. Some psychologists say we are thrusting it on them a year if not two years too soon.

BUT WE as parents are partly responsible for this state of affairs. We like to say "My Tom is only eight and can do long division," or "Jane is in fractions now." Also when a child is not allowed to pass into the next grade—and most often arithmetic is the deterring factor—many parents descend in wrath upon the school principal as if he had insulted them personally. They even blame the teacher for not having crammed the necessary information into the unresponsive heads of their offspring. Sometimes, however, the opposite is the case; the teacher or principal wants to put up a good showing and shoves the children into the next class when they aren't ready. After all, the lower grades are always overcrowded and the upper grades must be kept filled, so on goes the child, ready or not, to be a nuisance and a hindrance in a grade too advanced for him.

Writing

In the first grade we also see grubby little hands not long past the thumb-sucking stage trying to persuade balking pencils to produce recognizable facsimiles of written words. Again psychologists tell us that this is too soon to expect a child to write, and that when he does first tackle this art he should use large coarse-leaded pencils, writing between lines nearly an inch apart, for the muscles utilized in this fine skill have not yet developed; the children have control only over their larger muscles. But in most of our first grades the children are using ordinary pencils and are writing between small lines. One authority states that making a child write in such a way for a given time is like making an adult thread and re-thread a very fine needle for the same length of time. Adults do not realize the strain under which these kiddies are working. We look for beautiful penmanship—another thing to boast about—or to bemoan.

Spelling

Have you a boy or girl at home who has filled many ragged scribbles with stories, in various stages of completion, about pirates

and jungle animals and other things dear to his heart? Has he also illustrated them? The spelling may be atrocious and the writing beyond description, but has he not spent many happy hours at them? In school, however, when your George is asked to write a story—the teacher chooses the title—he chews half a pencil before he can fill a besmudged page with a painfully penned scrawl. Then what does teacher do? With a pretty colored pencil she underlines the mistakes in spelling, puts rings round the misplaced, or absent, punctuation marks, scolds the bad grammar and outrules the slang. Nine times out of ten she makes him correct and rewrite his mistakes after school—she may even strap him for his failure to conform to her standards. But she never so much as mentions the budding sense of story-telling. Many teachers have complained to me about the utter lack of literary ability in Tom, Dick and Harry, but few of them realize that many a child is spelling-shy. He is made to feel it is more important to have words spelled correctly than to have a knack with those words.

But, you will say, children must learn to spell correctly; they must be neat and accurate in their work. Eventually, yes, but we expect perfection in detail too soon. Also how can a youngster write a good history paper when he knows marks will be taken off for mistakes in spelling? How can a child see the beauty of poetry when he must write it letter-perfect with punctuation like the printed page? This is how one boy I know learns his poetry. He drones aloud:

"By Nebo's"—capital N—"lonely mountain"—comma,
"On this side Jordan's"—capital J—
"wave"—semicolon."

On and on it goes. Is it any wonder that most of the products of our schools avoid poetry like a scourge?

As a housewife you do not scrub and scour the porridge pot when a few hours of soaking will do the trick. Our kiddies are like our porridge pots, only we don't let them soak enough; we don't let them mature. All our fuss about spelling, punctuation and neatness is just so much scrubbing and scouring when a few years later the same results could be achieved with but a fraction of the effort, for then these youngsters, because of a fuller experience, would see some sense and therefore have some interest in what we now must force upon them.

Lack of Interest

Recently I heard one of our educational administrators say in public that he did not approve of stressing the need for children to be interested in what they are learning. He used the usual argument that when a youngster gets older he has to do a lot of things he doesn't want to do. That is all too true, as each of us knows. But when your baby was learning to walk, did you knock him down every few steps just to show him that there are many falls ahead of him? Or would you place your three-year-old Jane at the dishpan, explain that you want the dishes washed the right way—your way, of course—forbid her to make suds with the soap, forbid her to pour water from cup to cup, forbid her to wrap the dishcloth about the plates? Would you, in fact, disallow any play of any kind; and then when she had finally and wearily finished the last dish, make her start all over again?

This is the sort of thing that is done in our schools. We insist the children learn things about which they care not two pins. We make them learn these lessons in a certain way at a certain time of day, with eyes neither to right nor left. Then we insist they repeat these lessons again and again. Our youngsters spend hours each week in

this drill business. Not long ago I heard a public school principal bemoan the fact that our children are spoiled by "spoon-feeding" as he called it. He said they are so well drilled that they can hardly help knowing their lessons; and yet many of them don't, in spite of all the effort that has been expended upon them.

And what about the teachers? Because they are judged by the number of pupils promoted from their rooms they must, by hook or by crook, do everything in their power to push or pull the children through these knowledge factories of ours. Regardless of mental ability, ill-health, nervousness, upset home conditions or personal idiosyncrasies, these children must know, for examination purposes at least, the minimum requirements of the curriculum. In order to bring about this phenomenon different tricks of the trade must be used.

1. The children may be kept in after school. Teachers have told me that this is supposed to be a privilege for the child so that he may receive individual attention in his weaker subjects. But do you know of any youngster who does not regard being kept in as a punishment? Also in many schools no classes are dismissed until four o'clock.

2. The children may be kept in at recess for the same purpose. Wouldn't a respite for activity which is, too often, available only during the recess, be far more beneficial to a child than an extra coaching to his already frayed nerves?

3. Home work, page after page, helps to perform the miracle without much trouble to the teacher. I question its value, however, for in many children I have seen it foster hatred for the subjects studied. Also the onus of the homework usually rests on the parent.

4. Competition is still a powerful incentive to work. But what does it actually do to a child? Some of the youngsters may be anxious to be at the head of the class; they may even love school, for who does not thrive on success? But even the upper ten in a form are not being taught a good adjustment to life. Because of their success in the narrow limits of the classroom they get an exaggerated idea of their own ability and often refuse to enter other activities unless they can be sure of being top dog in them, too.

Many, however, in the middle grading of the room feel that lessons are just a necessary evil to be got over as soon as possible, and if they make a fifty per cent showing are satisfied. They acquire the habit of going through life doing mediocre work. As adults they do the least they can to hold their jobs.

Those near the bottom of the list have long since given up the ghost; they spend their days dreaming of past and future pleasures so that the teacher accuses them of inattention, laziness and a thousand other sins. They wish the school would burn down. They are continual thorns in the teachers' side, for the only way they can achieve notoriety is by being naughty. Many a delinquent is manufactured and nurtured by our school system. Many a child is taught to think himself "dumb" because he takes to the three R's no better than a hen does to water.

5. But the teacher has even more tricks in her bag. Because of the pressure behind her from principal and inspector to show examination results she finds her own nerves on edge; she nags, bullies, humiliates and tongue-lashes the children. She may flip their heads with a ruler, throw chalk at them, threaten them or actually strap them. Much attention has been focused upon the use of the strap in schools, but little disapproval has been voiced against the more insidious, but often more harmful, use of sarcasm, teasing and baiting by teachers.

But is it any wonder that the teacher becomes irritable, domineering, nervous and upset? I would rather train a barrel of monkeys to perform every conceivable feat than teach her roomful of children, as she must—under our present system—the wrong things at the wrong time, in the wrong way.



HOME AT NIGHT

by EDNA JAUQUES

When I come home at night, the house is sweet,
With the warm feel of love and willing feet,
The Little Comrade runs to take my coat,
Her voice holds such a cheerful laughing note.
She sets my slippers by the oven door
Picks up a few odd papers from the floor.

The table glows . . . the cat walks here and there
Lifting her feet with such a stately air,
As if she knew the nicest time of day
Was still to come . . . with supper cleared away,
And us around the fire safe and warm
Shut in from all the lonely night and storm.

The grandma rocks in old contented grace,
(She gives an air of comfort to the place)
Her wrinkled hands like fine old weathered silk
Lie idle in her lap as warm as milk,
Blue-veined like marble, there against her dress,
With her old silver hair and loveliness.

As we grow older . . . how the little things
Loom big unto our sight . . . for living brings
A kindly tolerance . . . the fret and fuss
Beat vainly on the kinder souls of us,
We are content with less . . . our small desires,
Only the warmth of love and lighted fires.



Presented in Chatelaine, January, 1936.

Courtesy of Frost and Reed, Bristol and London.



**"AREN'T WE EVER
GOING OUT ANY MORE?"**

Too tired for good times—much as she'd like to please him

***Loss of energy is usually
a sign of a run-down
physical condition***

IF, day after day, you feel "all tuckered out" when evening comes—too exhausted for the good times you used to enjoy, and hate to miss—you can make up your mind there's a definite physical cause for this condition.

In fact, your doctor will tell you it's very apt to be a sign that you are run-down—that your blood is "underfed."

When your blood is "underfed," sufficient food is not carried to the muscles and nerves. And, because of this, you cannot feel really well, strong, energetic.

To regain your lost energy, you need something to help your blood absorb the full nourishment from your food.

Remove the cause of run-down condition... Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—by



stimulating the digestive organs—helps to put more food into the blood stream. And the blood then carries more food to the muscles and nerves. This, in turn, gives you a whole new store of energy.

Start eating 2 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast daily, before meals or at bedtime. Eat it plain, or on crackers, or dissolved in a little water, or fruit juice.

Keep on eating this fresh yeast daily. After two or three weeks, you won't need to struggle against that tired, dragged-out feeling. Begin today to build up energy in this simple, natural way.

LIFE LOOKS GOOD to you when you feel well, strong—brimful of energy. But it's impossible to have much enthusiasm for either work or play when you're feeling completely tired out all the time.

Keep well and fit! Keep your energy always at top pitch, and be ready to enjoy all the good times that come your way!



**It's your blood
that "FEEDS"
your body**

ONE of the most important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you feel "over-tired" at the least extra effort—it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food to carry to your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more of the nourishment from your food.



"IN MY BUSINESS a smile is not only helpful—it is essential.

"I was working hard, and I became terribly run-down and out of sorts. I had no energy or pep.

"My doctor told me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast and now everyone says I'm the picture of health. I feel grand, and when you feel well, a smile is easy."

Helen Mitchell, Toronto, Canada

— corrects Run-down condition by feeding and purifying the blood

Moment of Madness

(Continued from page 7)

"But you don't understand—" Joan began feebly.

"I know how annoying it must be," he said sympathetically, "and I don't blame you a bit for travelling incognito but I promise you I won't tell a soul about you."

Joan was thinking fast. After all, why shouldn't she? Let them give her service since they were so willing to do it. Just for a day. No harm would be done. She had certainly been truthful about herself often enough and it would be fun to be the real star for a change. She gave the waiter a sly little smile. "If you won't tell," she said secretively. Picking up the pencil she wrote in a bold hand across the page, "Best wishes, Janet Keefe."

BY AFTERNOON things were moving along nicely. Two dozen gorgeous red roses, a little gift from the hotel management, were spilling their exquisite fragrance into the room. There had been calls from several editors of various magazines who happened to be at the hotel, requesting interviews from which she had successfully excused herself, and twelve autograph seekers had timidly knocked at her door.

It was three o'clock by the time she finally made her way to the Plunge. The pool was crowded, so after taking a couple of dives she climbed over the ledge and sat down in the warm sun. Quickly she unsnapped her bright orange bathing cap and shook her head so that her hair would fall into place.

"I beg your pardon."

Joan had been so busy that she had not noticed anyone approaching, and she jumped a little at the sound of the deep masculine voice so close beside her. She looked up to see a tall, well-built fellow with blonde hair and very nice eyes, looking down at her. He had a kind of sheepish smile on his face.

"They dared me to come over," he jerked his thumb in a rather vague direction, "and I took them up."

"Well," Joan said, coolly. Janet Keefe could not afford to be too pleased by this intrusion. He had nice eyes. A star had to be careful.

He settled into a squatting position and clasped his strong brown hands around his knees. "You see," he explained, "we're having our fraternity convention here. My gang is from Ontario and it's quite a treat for us to see a real movie star."

Joan gave a little bow with her exquisite head. The beads of water were like cut diamonds in her blonde-gold hair. "I see," she said gravely. She knew she was making it difficult for him. He was good looking. He had eyes like Stephen's.

"May I—sit down?" he said jerkily.

Joan measured the distance between him and the ground with her eye. It was a matter of inches. "Yes, do," she said stiffly.

When he became firmly established he seemed to gather courage. "You're the favorite up home," he told her naively. "All the fellows are crazy about you."

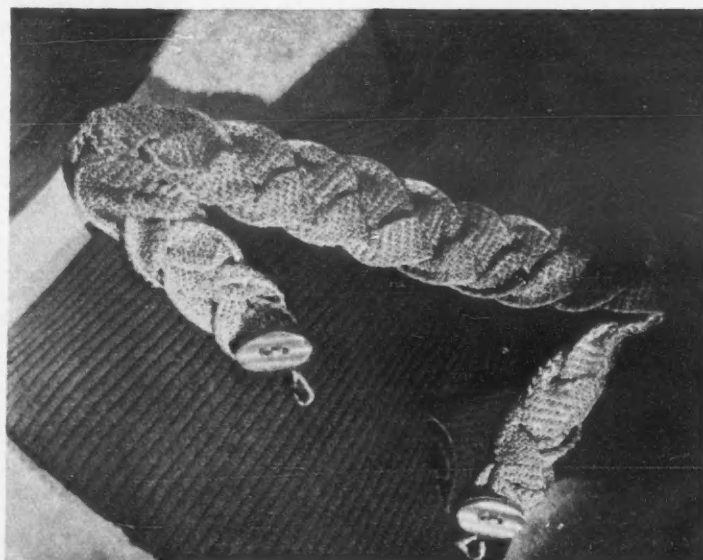
"That is very nice of you to say," Joan told him, hating herself just a little for deceiving him. He was so sincere. "And what is this frater-neety that you speak about?"

He smiled broadly. "Sigma Gamma," he told her with pride.

"You must excuse me," Joan said, feeling her heart skip a beat. "So many theengs in this country we do not have in Austria." She put in a stray accent here and there. She had noticed that Janet did this when she was talking intimately.

"Sure," he smiled again, "I know. But I'm telling you, Sigma Gamma is the best. You'll know it is, too, after tonight."

Photos, Courtesy, Canadian Spool Cotton Co.



So Smart! - So Simple!

A PLAITED BELT FOR INDIVIDUAL CHIC

BELTS, BUTTONS and buckles are the busy "B's" this season—trimly tailored dresses rely on them to give femininity to a military mode. But all the belts you'd like to own cost money, unless you're smart enough to make them yourself, when it becomes only a matter of a few cents and a little of your time. This plaited belt is an example of what individuality can be added to a dress by clever accessories . . . it should be very bright and in gay contrast to the color it's worn with.

Tension: 14 stitches and 10 rows to one inch.
Measurement: 28" x 2".

This belt which is knitted with double thread is made of three straight strips of knitting. The three strips are plaited together, rather loosely and then backed with a piece of the same colored petersham ribbon to prevent stretching.

Cast on 17 sts.

1st row: x Slip 1, knit 1, over thread, take the slip stitch over 2 stitches, repeat from x to end of row, ending row knit 1.

Repeat this row for 33". Cast off.

Work other 2 pieces the same.

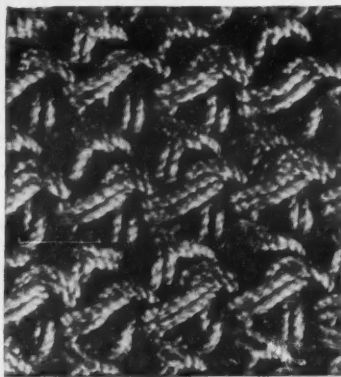
To make up: Join three ends and plait together. Slip stitch ribbon on to back of belt.

Sew 1 button on at each end of belt.

To fasten belt, crochet 2 pieces of chain with 4 threads of crochet cotton, make into 2 loops and sew one at each end of belt.

Materials required:

- 8 Balls mercer-crochet No. 20s
- 1 Pair knitting needles No. 11.
- 1 steel crochet hook No. 0 English or No. 1 American.
- 1 Yard petersham ribbon 1 1/4" wide.
- 2 Buttons.



The smart, easily worked stitch for this knitted belt is shown here in detail.

Joan raised her eyebrows in true continental fashion. "And why weel I know after tonight?" she enquired languidly.

He looked at her squarely for a moment. "Well," he dropped his eyes and began to scratch little loops and letters on the walk with his fingernail, "the truth of the matter is that I was appointed a committee of one to ask you if you would honor us by being our guest at dinner tonight. There's music, you know, and dancing."

Joan thought fast. It would be exciting. It would be even more than that. It would be thrilling to be Janet Keefe at a dance. And she had put in an evening dress. Premonition. Fate. After all, a star could not remain too exclusive. "Thank you," she said in a low voice, "I will be delighted to be your guest."

He gave her a look of admiration that bordered on worship. "Gee," he said, "that's swell." He got up slowly. "Our dinner is at seven. Do you mind—I mean, would you like me to call for you?"

Joan smiled at him. "That's very sweet of you," she said, "but I believe it would be better for me to come down alone."

She had a reason for saying this. When she got back to her room she went straight to the phone and called the room clerk. "Is there a Mr. Stephen Vance registered in the hotel?" she asked in a disinterested tone. Why was her heart thumping so painfully?

There was not. Joan said, "Thank you," and put the phone back in the cradle. She hadn't wanted him to be here, of course, she told herself. If he had been here she would simply have had to go back to Hollywood and she would have missed a lot in doing that. Now she could enjoy herself tonight. Still it would have been nice to see Stephen. She could have explained . . .

AT FIVE minutes to seven Joan was ready for the evening. For some unaccountable reason she had brought with her the most daring of any gown she had ever owned, or of any she had ever seen for that matter. The dress was heavy with glittering gold sequins on a background of champagne-colored crêpe and it showed every line of her lithe, graceful figure. She had bought it in a moment of madness at one of Bess Schlank's sales and she had never worn the outfit until now. What she had planned to do with it when she had purchased it, she really didn't know and why she had brought it with her on this trip was the biggest mystery of all. It was the kind of dress that a movie star would wear only in a movie.

There were gold sandals to go with it that were as daring as was the dress itself. Narrow straps held together by tiny gold cords were the only covering across her bare instep. Whenever she walked, her toe nails appeared from beneath the swirling folds of her dress like ten round dots of crimson paint against the dark blue carpet.

Boxes of flowers were everywhere. The bed was covered with them. They were stacked in squares and circles and pyramids around the room. There were wrist corsages of gardenias, of violets, and bouquets for the shoulder of orchids. One for every day in the year, Joan thought a little regretfully as she decided upon an orchid corsage for the shoulder.

There was a little coat for the dress, in case you didn't want to be too décolleté, and Joan didn't, so she put it on. She stood back now from the mirror and tried to look at herself impersonally. She had arranged her make-up to suit her costume. Luscious red lips that pursed seductively whenever she smiled, eyebrows arched at an angle that made her look sad and worldly.

The effect was really quite startling. She looked bizarre. Exotic. "I look just as they will expect me to look," she told herself assuredly, as she opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

She moved gracefully across the heavily carpeted lobby, glittering and breath-taking in her trappings of gold. She walked as she had been taught to walk at the Magna Film School. Chin in. Head back. Like Viennese royalty, Miss Cooper, please. Your shoul-

[Continued on page 22]

He took out his cigarette case and held it open to her, but Joan could not trust her trembling fingers. He took a cigarette for himself and she saw him clearly then in the light of his match. She knew now that she loved him and that she wanted him more than she wanted anything in the world. She longed passionately to feel his strong arms around her once again, his kisses warm and tender on her lips.

"There isn't a chance of that," he said finally; "you see, she's in Hollywood—in the movies. She wanted a career, she didn't want marriage."

"You weel find someone else, perhaps," Joan said encouragingly.

"Never," Stephen said dully. "I can get pretty low when I think about it. All the fellows I know are married now and have kids and all that. We have a good gang at home, and they always include me on the parties, you know, the extra man, the lonesome fourth." He looked at her a moment and then he said, "I'm sorry. I'm boring you with all this—"

"Oh, but you are not," Joan said emphatically. "Thees girl—you say she ees in Hollywood."

"Perhaps I know her," Joan said; "what ees her name?"

"Her name is Joan," he said hopefully, "Joan Cooper."

"I do know her," she said quickly. "I know her very well. She ees my stand-in. I see her every day."

"Please," he begged, "please tell me about her. How is she. What is she doing. Is she happy?"

Joan shook her head slowly. "I don't theenk she ees so happy," she said; "she

speaks always lately of thees Canada city and Stephan somebody . . ."

Stephen took her hands gratefully. Impersonally. "Are you sure," he said excitedly, "that it is Stephen she talks about?"

"I am pos-iteeve," Joan said. She hoped he could not see how her hands were shaking. "Gosh," he said happily, "I can't believe it. If I thought for one minute she would see me . . ."

"I can geeve you her address," Joan interrupted. She could not stand it much longer there with him. He handed her a card and she wrote her street number shakily across the back of it. "I weel see her tomorrow," she said, "when shall I tell her you are coming?"

"Tomorrow," Stephen said. Joan turned to go. "I don't know how to thank you," he said quietly.

She gave a little shrug. "Eet ees nothing," she said lightly. How had she waited so long. How could she wait until tomorrow. "Oh," she said suddenly, "I do not know your name—"

"It is Stephen," he said, holding out his hand to her. "Stephen Vance."

"Good-by, Stephen . . ." her hand touched his. Swiftly he drew her to him and kissed her passionately. "Joan," he said, "my darling Joan."

"You knew me," she said happily.

"Always," Stephen said, "even in the stage dress and the make-up. I recognized you the minute I stepped into the room."

Joan tucked her head beneath the swerve where his arm held her. She felt his lips gently brushing against her hair, his strong hands securely holding her to him. "My sweet—" he whispered softly.

Honeymoon in New York

(Continued from page 9)

I'm sure of it. Wait'll I tell the folks back in Des Moines that I sat right next to her!"

There was their first walk up Broadway, and up Seventh Avenue to Central Park. There was their first bus ride along Riverside Drive. ("Isn't that Grant's Tomb?" Valerie asked, and Jim said uncertainly, "I don't know; isn't that in Washington?") There was their first view of Fifth Avenue and their first ride in the subway, when they played a game to see who would guess which doors would open next. There was the rubberneck ride to Harlem and Chinatown; the exploration, on foot, of the caverns of Wall Street; their visit to the City Hall (they had to ask four New Yorkers before they found one who knew where it was), and to the library and the art institute and the aquarium and a few more places where it didn't cost anything.

Everyone had said to be sure to see some shows, and Valerie would never forget the three their slim budget allowed them to see. There was that revue Jim thought was pretty swell, all right, and which had brought frequent blushes to her. There was that comedy with Ina Claire which Valerie liked and which Jim thought was silly.

There was that last play, chosen because they felt they ought to see something really worth while and that was the one the critics said the nicest things about. They played hide-and-seek with the stage from behind a post in the second balcony, watching the drama that was an artistic sensation proceed from curtain to curtain while Valerie wondered if housework was going to be harder than clerking in a department store, and Jim wondered how soon after they got back he'd be able to ask for a raise.

Then there was the breath-taking evening they had gone to Coney Island. "What a dirty bathing beach!" Valerie exclaimed, but nevertheless they marched up and down the boardwalk until Valerie's feet, encased in pumps with three-inch heels, swelled. They bought custard cones and hot dogs and root beer. They went into Luna Park and on the crazy roller coasters which threatened to pitch them out of the cars at every curve. Jim told her she was the prettiest girl in the place, in New York—even in the whole world, for that matter—and kissed her just as they zoomed down a steep incline and both of them nearly fell out. They rode the chutes three times because Valerie liked the tense moment when the boat poised at the top of the watery runaway before it catapulted its breath-taking course. She liked the way her fear left her each time she remembered that Jim was at her side, holding her hand, his arm about her. She liked the thought that he would always be at her side, whenever there'd be a quick breathless plunge to make in life.

There were the meals eaten out, always in different restaurants. Their tastes, cultivated at the golf club, ran to chicken chow



HEY, MOM... D'YUH KNOW
WHAT MRS. PALMER
SAID ABOUT MY
SHIRT?

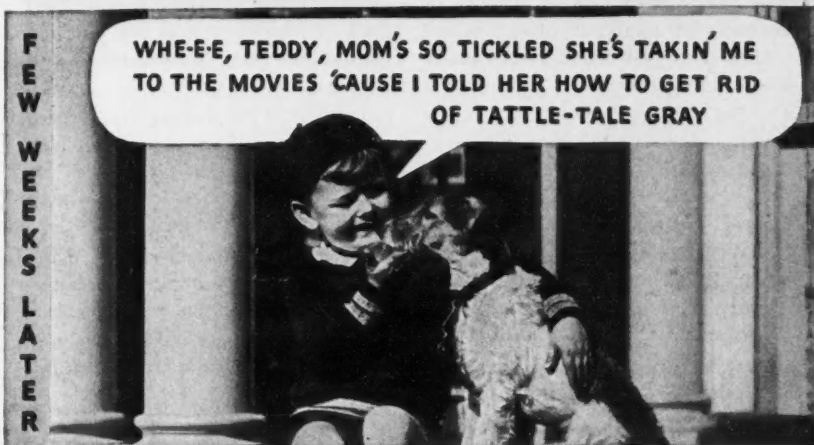
G'WILLIKINS! MY SHIRT CAN'T
TALK, MOM, BUT MRS. PALMER SAID
IT TATTLES LIKE ANYTHIN'



THE TROUBLE IS, SHE SAID—
YOUR SOAP DOESN'T REALLY
WASH CLEAN. YOUR CLOTHES
WOULDN'T HAVE TATTLE-TALE
GRAY, SHE SAID, IF YOU'D ONLY
CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



WHE-E-E, TEDDY, MOM'S SO TICKLED SHE'S TAKIN' ME
TO THE MOVIES 'CAUSE I TOLD HER HOW TO GET RID
OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY



"Who wouldn't be tickled!
My clothes used to look
as gray as a rain-cloud and
now they're white as snow! It's
wonderful the way Fels-Naptha's

grand golden soap and lots of
naptha get out every bit of dirt.
Fels-Naptha is so gentle I use it
for my finest silk things, too. And
how nice it is to my hands!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

© 1935, FELS & CO.

DEBUNKING THE MOTHER MYTH!

Revealing the New Attitude Towards a Sentimental Idea

by EVELYN SEELEY

A Ruthless Attack on the "After-All-I-Am-His-Mother" Type of Woman"

IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

Health Enemy No. 1

—the Common Cold



The Metropolitan's booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia," contains the best medical advice on the subject of colds. Send for your free copy.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Dept. 1-L-36
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet,
"Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia."

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY PROVINCE

LOOK out for the common cold! Last year it cost more than 500 million dollars in wages, caused more absence from work than any other form of sickness, robbed millions of children of time from school.

Look out for the common cold! It may pave the way for other dangerous enemies of health—influenza and pneumonia, and even tuberculosis. In addition, a cold may often lead to chronic catarrh of the nasal passages, to ear trouble, bronchitis or inflammation of the sinuses—the cavities in the bones of the skull. A cold can easily become a serious matter.

The best time to prevent serious trouble is at the very beginning.

The moment your nose begins to run, your throat feels sore, your eyes burn and your back begins to ache, or your head stops up—organize your counter attack on Health Enemy No. 1.

Take no chances. Stay at home. Rest in bed. Stay away from other people—colds are often contagious. Drink plenty of water and eat lightly of simple, nourishing foods. If there is no improvement in your condition the next day, call the doctor. If you are feverish, send for the doctor at once. Do not ignore a cold no matter how trifling it seems. If you take proper care of yourself from the first sniffle, it will not, in a great majority of cases, develop into a serious illness.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER,
PRESIDENT



CANADIAN
HEAD OFFICE
OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

Moment of Madness

(Continued from page 20)

ders back. *Back.* All down the length of the long lobby people nudged, whispered and turned to stare.

A bevy of waiters fluttered nervously at the entrance to the dining room. The head waiter bowed with due servility. He wheeled lightly and started off as though he were on the most important mission of his life. Joan followed a few paces behind him. Although she pretended not to notice, she was aware of the heads that turned one by one in her direction as she walked down between the long rows of tables. She was trembling just a little inside but she had learned to control her emotions.

The waiter caught up the heavy velvet drapes at the far end of the room and made a slight gesture with his free hand. "In here, madam," he said almost reverently.

Joan stepped into the doorway. The orchestra struck three long chords and the men stood beside their chairs, their eyes on Joan, while they sang softly the song she knew so well. The song that Stephen had sung to her as he had held her close against his strong shoulder, his hand firm and sure closed over her own.

"... Oh, the gold of her hair
and her face so fair,
The touch of her soft white
hand;
I love her, it's true,
For no other will do;
She's the sweetheart of Sigma
Gam."

There was a little awkward silence as they finished. Joan felt tears in her throat. She bowed her head slightly in appreciation of their compliment. The blonde fellow who had met her at the Plunge crossed over to her and offered his arm. Her hand dropped like the long white petals of a flower over his black sleeve.

They walked to the head of the table. "Miss Janet Keefe," he said proudly, "our guest of honor and voted the real sweetheart of Sigma Gamma." There was a warming cheer. Joan stood beside her chair and waited for the welcome to die down. I've certainly let myself in for it, she thought. I was mad to do it. It isn't right either, deceiving them this way. Oh, nonsense. Think of it as a play. Act. You've always wanted a chance to show what you could do. Now, go to it.

"My dear friends," she began. Her throat was parched. She wished she had taken a drink of water while they had been cheering. "I don't know how to thank you. You have been so very kind to me—" Suddenly she caught her breath. The waiter was showing someone through the doorway. Someone who was tall and blonde and—oh, but it couldn't be... it was impossible... she had asked them and they had... but it was. It was Stephen Vance standing there waiting politely for her to finish, holding his coat lapels with his big hands the way he always did when he was a little embarrassed.

Joan felt a thrill deep inside her, a kind of wild singing that would not stop, but the expression on her face did not change. She had learned to control her emotions. Only the orchid at her shoulder fluttered a little. —"You have been so loave—ly. Your leetle song; eet was exqueeesite." She flung her hands open in a little gesture of ineffectuality, as though she did not know the right words that would express her appreciation. "I thank you," she finished simply, "that es all I can say."

While they applauded she turned and put her hand on the back of her chair. "I cannot stay," she said abruptly to those who were standing near her, "you see, I am here for my rest." She saw that the French doors were swung open on to a porch outside. The men begged but she insisted. "Please," she said plaintively, "I work so hard. I must rest..." Quickly she hurried across the room, her high gold heels tapping against the floor like her heart was rapping upon her ribs, and disappeared into the darkness outside.

She stood still a moment while she got her breath and her bearings. She saw now that she could go up the back entrance through the lounge. It would be fairly empty at this hour. She didn't crave any more attention. All she wanted now was to get to her room and pack her things and get that car headed for Hollywood. What a little fool she had been. About Stephen... about everything.

"I beg your pardon."

Joan had been so occupied with her own thoughts that she had not heard anyone approaching, so Stephen was over beside her before she could move. "I hope you will forgive me for following you out here," he said apologetically, "but I had to see you. Just for a moment anyway." There was a queer sob in his voice. "You see, you look exactly like the girl I love."

Good heavens! Steve did not know her. Then she could go right on playing her part. That is, she could if her heart didn't jump right out of her throat. "I do," she said, in the most indifferent tone she could affect.

"Yes," he said, "you look so much like her that when I saw you standing up there at the table tonight I was so thrilled that I almost shouted."

Joan gave a little throaty laugh. It was becoming more and more difficult for her to control her emotions.

"Of course," he continued quickly, "when I saw you more closely I could see a difference all right." He gave a deep longing sigh. "She's beautiful," he said in a breathy whisper.

"Oh," Joan said with a kind of pouty whimper, "and I am not bee-utiful?"

He shifted uneasily. "Oh, of course you are," he said hastily. "I didn't mean it that way. I meant—well, her lips are different, somehow and her eyes are so blue and honest..."

"You loave her very much," Joan said, using a lot of foreign accent.

"I'm crazy about her," Stephen said simply.

Joan was glad there was no moon tonight. Only the stars were swarming among the white ruffles of clouds. A little wind rustled the tops of the fir trees beside the porch. Out there in the cool quiet night the throb of the music was like the furious pulsation of her heart.

"Why you don't marry her then?" she asked him boldly.

APPROACH TO LOVE

A Sensational Novel of Modern Life and Love.

by REITA LAMBERT

The Dynamic Story of a Girl Who Hated the Man She Loved

BEGINNING IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE



Beauty Culture

• A DEPARTMENT
for STYLE, HEALTH
and PERSONALITY

Descriptions of these styles
are on page 32

Why does cold weather "Sandpaper"
my hands—?

because

Hand Skin is *different*
from the rest of your skin



An oily film protects your face, but not your hands. They dry out, roughen, chap faster because they quickly lose the special moisture that keeps them soft, young. Jergens relieves chapping, makes hands smooth by restoring moisture.



"YOUR HANDS ARE SO SOFT AGAINST MINE"

WINTER'S sharp breath seldom harms your face because innumerable tiny oil glands protect it. But the skin of your hands lacks these. It must depend on special moisture to keep it smooth and soft.

This moisture quickly vanishes in frosty air, or in overheated houses... Every bit of dust, everything your hands do, takes its toll.

Then the dried-out skin cells contract. Hands lose their youthful look, chap easily, harshen to sandpaper roughness.

Jergens Lotion can right this tragedy! Jergens is so compounded that

it goes deep inside the cells—doesn't leave a trace of stickiness. It puts back the moisture that the parched cells lack—makes them smooth and young again.

Laboratory tests prove that Jergens goes into the skin more completely than any other lotion tested. Its famous ingredients soften and whiten drawn, hard-working hands.

Try Jergens today—use it every day. Winter and summer, your hands will stay petal-soft as your cheek.

Sizes are priced at 25¢, 50¢ and \$1.00 in drug and department stores. There's also a handy 10¢ size.



Jergens Lotion
MADE IN CANADA

GENEROUS TRIAL BOTTLE **FREE**

Try Jergens for your hands today. See how it goes into the skin, makes hands smoother, softer, younger. Fill in and mail coupon to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

meat or chop suey with mushrooms, and even the less expensive places provided adventures in epicureanism. "I wonder," Valerie would remark each time they tasted a dish they liked, "if I'll be able to cook as good as this."

"Sure," Jim always answered. "You'll be a lot better, I'll bet."

Topping everything else, there was that ride through Central Park in a hansom cab, on a luscious moonlit night. It had cost four dollars, but they agreed that it was worth it. In the soft blackness, under the magic spell of the night, they found a measure of articulateness.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if life could be like this always?" Valerie sighed.

"Why won't it be?"

"Oh, I don't know. We'll have babies, I suppose, and responsibilities, and things will go wrong. But we won't care, will we?"

"No. We'll have each other, and that's what counts."

"Yes, and we'll make something of our marriage, won't we; something really big, I mean. We'll never argue, for instance."

And at the memory of that conversation, Valerie's face, even in the coolness of the lounge of the department store, reddened in shame. In spite of all her good resolutions, she remembered, they had quarrelled the very next day, and it had been her fault.

FOR THE next day the heat wave closed down, and they found that New York heat is like no other: it stifles, it enervates, it's as if an insidious plague suddenly swept the city, sapping everyone's strength, fraying the edges of their nerves, wilting their collars and their spirits.

Valerie and Jim, limp and irritable, their money running low, stayed in their room in just enough clothing to preserve a semblance of decency. "Wonder if it's as hot as this at home?" Valerie ventured.

"Can't be... We should have stayed there."

The prickly heat on her neck quivered at his tone. "I suppose," she said hotly, "you're going to throw this trip up to me for the rest of our lives, just because it was my idea!"

"Don't be silly, hon! I only said... Oh, let's not argue. It's too warm."

"Why, who was arguing? My goodness, if a person can't even say—"

He cut her short brusquely: "Forget it!" Valerie swallowed down her reply and her sniffles. She wasn't going to let him know that he could hurt her, she told herself stubbornly. She sulked instead, all day. Jim sulked, too.

They were still sulking that evening in the Penn-Astor grill, where they were finishing tall lemon drinks after a movie. While Valerie stared absently ahead, her thoughts bitter, a girl swished by their table. She was wearing a long yellow organdie dress which required a heavier slip than it had. One could see through the dress if one looked, and Valerie noticed at once that Jim, absently or not, was looking. And as she herself looked, the girl smiled.

"Oh!" The word was a gasp. It brought Jim's head toward her again.

"Now what?" he demanded.

"You flirted with her. You flirted—and on our honeymoon!"

Amazed, Jim defended, "I don't even know what she looks like."

"She smiled at you, and you smiled back."

"You're crazy."

"Oh, I'm crazy, am I?"

Her mouth quivering, Valerie jumped to her feet, scuttled out so that she wouldn't burst into tears. Jim grabbed the check, paid the cashier, caught up to her downstairs.

"What did you want to make a scene for?" he raged. "Everyone in the place was laughing at us."

Valerie bit her lip to keep back her words. She knew that if she'd try to speak she wouldn't be able to hold back her sobs any longer, and one simply couldn't cry on 45th and Broadway.

In silence they turned into a subway kiosk. In silence they pushed past the turnstile after Jim dropped two nickels down

the chute. In silence they sat on the uncomfortable reed seat, rocking back and forth, missing the support they usually gave each other by interlocking their arms.

At their stop, Valerie, to show that she could be independent of him, marched to the left exit, chin in air. She thought Jim was in back of her, waiting, as she was, for the door to open, until she heard him say, from the other side of the train, "If you want to get off here you'd better hurry." She whirled around, hastened out through the right exit just as the door was closing. The snickers of other passengers brought flames to her ears.

The hotel elevator, which usually made her dizzy by its swift ascent through space, seemed to crawl slowly to their floor. The walk down the corridor to their room was endless. At last they were inside. Immediately, without even taking off her hat, Valerie threw herself across the bed; wept. "I suppose," she spluttered through her tears, "you didn't make a scene in the subway."

Jim looked sheepish. "I'm sorry about that."

He cracked the knuckles of his hands awkwardly as he watched her small prostrate body and listened to her sobs. Then he flung himself to her side. "Listen, hon," he begged, "let's cut it out. I guess the heat has got both of us."

Valerie wriggled toward him, let him take her wet face in his hands. "It was my fault," she admitted, still crying. "Now it's all spoiled. We were never going to argue."

He drew her close against his damp shirt. "That was no argument. Wait till we have a real one."

"No," she said after he kissed her, "we'll never have a real one." She repeated with vehemence, as if she were making a vow; "We'll never quarrel again."

REMEMBERING IN shame that quarrel, Valerie made a decision. She would buy The Hat. The honeymoon—New York with its shows and restaurants, Coney Island, Central Park, Fifth Avenue, Broadway—all of this she would remember every time she closed her eyes and had time to think a moment. But the quarrel would fade out of her mind, and with it would fade the resolution it had brought. If she didn't remind herself that she had sworn never to argue again, she'd become just another nagging wife, and their marriage would become just another marriage. If she could take one tangible thing back with her, something she could wear for a long time to remind herself, something that she could put away in a box somewhere afterward, to remind herself for ever, it would be easier.

To Valerie, sitting in the coolness of the ladies' lounge of the department store, it seemed that The Hat would do more than that, even. It would bring back New York to her, more realistically than mere thoughts, when she was sick of home and its smallness. It would keep fresh her honeymoon when her marriage had settled itself into a monotonous rut. It would be like a picture of the young Jim, after he had grown bald and paunchy, maybe. It would be like a picture of herself as she had looked in it, after she had become fat and grey. It wouldn't be so hard to go back to face all this, as Valerie knew intuitively she must, if The Hat could go along.

Resolutely, she left the dark coolness of the lounge, went back to the millinery department. "I think I'll take that hat, anyhow," she told the saleswoman, who found it for her as indifferently as she had put it away. Emptying her purse to pay for it, Valerie carried the box back to the hotel as carefully as if it contained quicksilver that might fly into a hundred bits which would in turn spurt into a thousand more.

JIM DIDN'T turn to her at once as she came in. He was busy rummaging through the dresser and Valerie, viewing him in profile, thrilled again at his tall slimness, his clean-cut handsomeness, as she did always when she looked at him. Then she noticed his worried frown, asked in quick alarm:

[Continued on page 35]



Colds begin as a rule in October. There is a gradual fall until the end of December, a sharp rise in the first week of January, with a gradual fall toward spring. About ninety per cent of persons in this country suffer from one or two colds in the eight months from October to June.

What is a cold? What are its causes? How many colds be prevented? What can be done for them?

These are pertinent questions. Upon the application of satisfactory principles of prevention and treatment it is safe to say that at least one half the cold incidence could be stopped, a large proportion of serious disease could be prevented and the mortality of complications correspondingly reduced.

Definition of a Cold

A cold is a catarrhal inflammation of the upper air passages directly due to infection by germs or viruses, and favored by a variety of conditions which form predisposing causes. There is a well-founded impression among investigators that a cold is not a definite single disease, but a group of diseases caused by several different infections or viruses.

Cause of Colds

1. *Chills and Draughts*—Chills and draughts do not cause colds. The denizen of the Arctic and the fisherman, exposed to chill and wind, do not catch colds. The soldiers in the trenches were immune to the colds which supervened after they had enjoyed the estaminets of Paris. The most that a draught can do in causing a cold is to lower the resistance of the individual to more potent agents.

2. *Condition of the weather*—Cold, wet weather is the time for colds. A week of breezy, foggy weather in Winnipeg causes more cases of cold, more bronchitis and pneumonia than the entire winter's dry, subzero weather. When the barometer reads "Low," look for colds to follow.

3. *Irritation of the air passages*—All sorts of irritants predispose to colds: dust, smoke, the pollen of grasses and chemical gases. The dry, burnt air of the overheated home is one of the strongest irritants to the delicate membranes of the nose and throat.

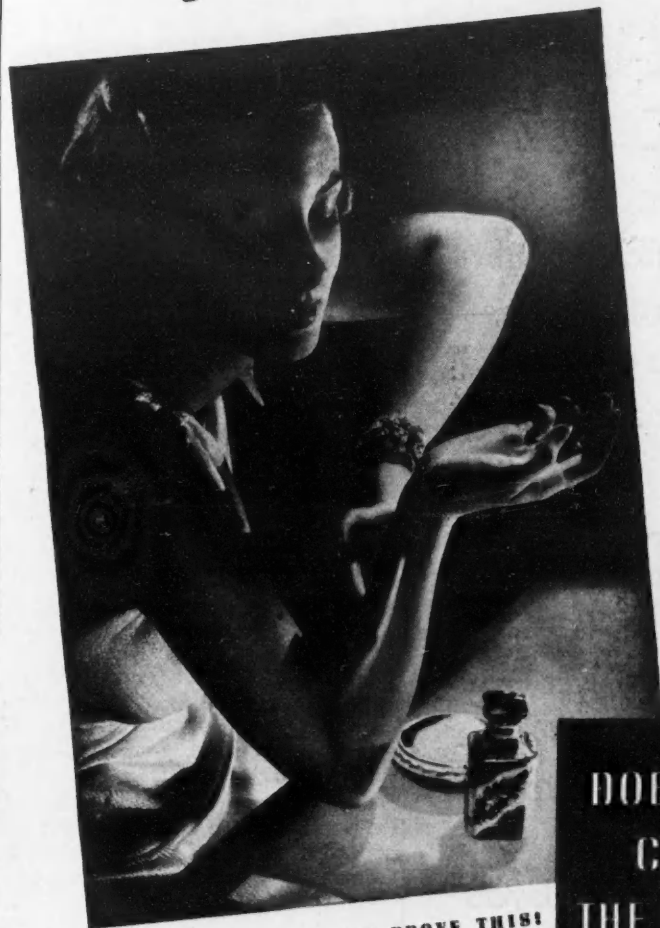
4. *Infection*—The underlying cause of a cold is infection, the continuous presence in the air passages of viruses or germs ready to pounce upon the individual if he is under par for any reason.

5. *Bad ventilation*—Bad ventilation is the commonest predisposing cause of colds. Colds in city children come with a low mean temperature. The weather compels the children to stay indoors, in stuffy, overheated rooms where infection is intensified. Persons passing from such rooms to the cold air so strain the adjusting mechanism of the air passages that colds result.

Children and adults get colds as soon as the fall heating of the house is begun. During holidays children paddle in the water exposed to the air; they play in the streets even in cold weather without catching cold. The close contact in crowded schools is conducive to attacks of cold. Handling of articles used in common, toys, books, door knobs and a host of other things spreads the contagion. The crowding in street cars, their abominable lack of ventilation, the coughing of fellow travellers suffering from colds, favor droplet infection. Domestic animals thrive out of doors but respiratory infections spread in crowded, ill-ventilated stables.

Sailors, Arctic explorers and lighthouse keepers are singularly free from this ubiquitous complaint. Shackleton, in his Antarctic expedition, experienced a single outbreak of cold after the opening of a bale of clothing packed in London. The health of the Navy at sea in war time is better than in times of peace. Shore leave in war time is non-existent. There is no exposure to infection and to the pastimes which lower the resistance to disease. Men taken from shop or office and turned into camp under canvas escape the colds of civil life because they have plenty of fresh air and are not living in crowded quarters. Long ago Benjamin Franklin, wise philosopher, said: "People who live in the forest, in open barns or with open windows, do not catch cold. The disease called 'cold' is generally caused by impure air, lack of exercise or from over-eating." This century-old observation contains much truth. [Continued on page 35]

Stays on longer Spreads farther!



DOES NOT
CLOG
THE PORES

SPREAD IT ON YOUR ARM AND PROVE THIS!

A LOVELY new face powder that gives you delight in its finer quality and tone. That stays on your cheeks and nose for hours—actually till you wash it off. That spreads farther than other popular-priced powders and does not clog the pores. Woodbury skin scientists make it—the new Woodbury's Facial Powder.

Make this simple test. Spread a pinch of Woodbury's on your arm. Close to it, a pinch of the face powder you have been

using. Compare the areas the two face powders cover. You'll find that Woodbury's is so far-spreading because it stays on the outer surface of the skin. It does not work down into the pores. When Woodbury's is on your skin, your pores are free to breathe.

A new blending process makes Woodbury's a smoother powder now, a perfectly even, unvarying blend of texture and tone. It goes on with a glide—and clings longer.

Six carefully chosen shades. One of them will subtly flatter the natural tints of your skin. Natural, alluring and in step with fashion—that's the finish Woodbury's gives your skin. \$1.00, 50c, 25c, 15c.

TRY ALL THESE SIX SHADES—FREE

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 526, Perth, Ontario.

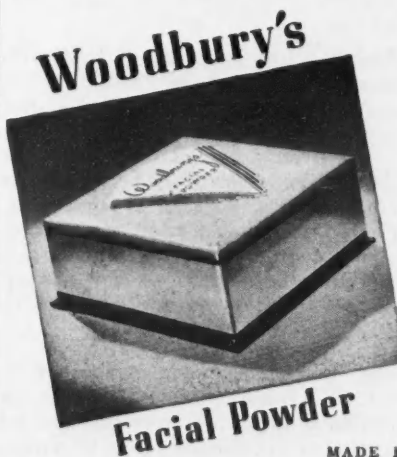
Please send me—free—all six of the flattering skin-tone shades of Woodbury's Facial Powder, enough in each sample packet for several powderings. (Paste coupon on penny postcard or mail in envelope—NOW!)

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

AVOID IMITATIONS. Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., on all Woodbury products.



MADE IN CANADA

WHEN YOU'RE DANCING

Cheek to Cheek



IS YOURS
"THE SKIN HE LOVES
TO TOUCH"?

His heart will beat at a new quick tempo...if you have "The Skin He Loves to Touch."

Cheek to cheek—he'll marvel at the cool, smooth loveliness of your complexion, if you have put your hope and faith in Woodbury's!

Then treat your skin to Woodbury's fragrant, fluffy lather this very night! In a month or less—find a new, soft, glamorous beauty in your cheek!

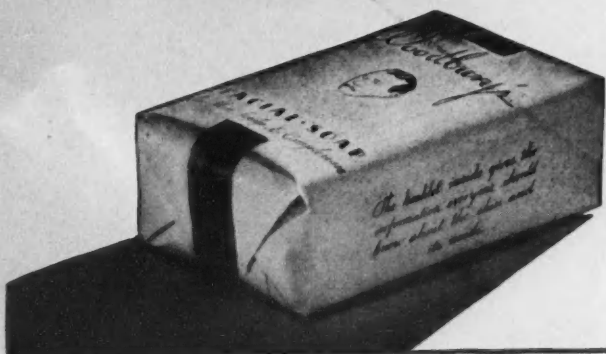
Brings skin loveliness more swiftly!

Woodbury's Facial Soap is a scientific beauty treatment in cake form...created to prevent and overcome such common skin faults as Oily Skin, Dry Skin, Blackheads and Coarse Pores.

It proved itself in the world-wide Half-face Tests, when tested with 150 other beauty preparations, on the complexions of 968 women of various ages and of every skin type.

The tests lasted 30 days. The improvement in skin texture, accomplished within this short time with Woodbury's Facial Soap, thrilled the women who participated...amazed even the eminent skin specialists who conducted these tests.

When you're dancing cheek to cheek, you can be grateful for this—Woodbury's Facial Soap which formerly cost 25c—is now only 10c a cake! At any drug, department, ten-cent store or at your grocer's.



NOW
10 cents

FREE—WOODBURY'S "LOVELINESS KIT"
John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 426, Perth, Ontario

Please send me free (except for mailing costs) "Loveliness Kit" containing a guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, generous tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, and six packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

■ AVOID IMITATIONS. Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury Ltd., on all Woodbury products.

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Name _____
Street _____
City _____
Province _____

COLD FACTS

by

Dr. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH

CANADA SPENDS ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR ON THE COMMON COLD THE MENACE OF ITS COMPLICATIONS IN HEALTH IS A SERIOUS ONE. ARE YOU TAKING PROPER PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THEM?

THE COMMON COLD with its complications, including loss of time, inefficiency and the cost of medical care and medicines, costs Canada \$100,000,000 a year.

There are reliable figures to prove that, on account of colds, there is an average loss of almost three days for each worker.

Yet the money loss is the least important.

If the stock market lost \$100,000,000 the public press would be filled with news of the depression. But such a loss through the infection known as colds passes year after year without comment.

The worst feature of the tragedy is not the cost in money, great as it is, but the suffering, the added complications, the consequent loss of life, the agony of bereavement and often the poverty following the death of the provider. When all these matters are visualized, one gains a true picture of this expensive malady.

The menace of colds has, during late years, provoked the tardy interest of the medical man, the business man and the ordinary citizen. There was a gift to the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene of \$195,000 a few years ago for the investigation of the origin, nature and possible cure of the common cold. The Rockefeller Institute recently gave \$45,000 to Columbia University for research into the same question. The specialist, the nose and throat doctor, the children's physician and the employer of labor are all interested; the general practitioner and the man in the street, not at all. The official health services are asleep at the switch. Diphtheria, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, the cholera infantum of little ones have all been remarkably reduced in the present generation, while the common cold is markedly on the increase.

In one's childhood, middle-ear disease, sinusitis and mastoid affections were rarely heard of; now they are commonplace.

Prevalence of Colds

A common cold is by far the most prevalent form of disease found in temperate climates; it is responsible for a greater loss of working time than any other affection.

At the best, a cold in a family, attacking one child after another, the parents and the

household help, is a very great nuisance, causing more or less dislocation for weeks. At the worst, it is an extreme danger carrying, as it frequently does, one or more into bronchitis, pneumonia, sinusitis, ear affections, inflammation of the mastoid and rheumatism. If colds were more commonly less neglected, tuberculosis would oftener be caught in its earlier stages and pneumonia and diphtheria prevented.

Some idea of the prevalence of colds and their expensive nature may be gained from the experience of business concerns. Taking the clerical staff of a certain company's office, comprising 6,700 persons, during a given year, no fewer than 2,824 colds, involving disability, were reported to the medical staff. Infection occurred at the rate of 421 per 1,000 employed for the year. The average number of days lost was 2.2. In this office 6,233 days were lost in the year from colds, among which were generously included bronchitis and pneumonia.

In a study of 775 families comprising 2,498 individuals, the incidence rate for respiratory disease apart from hay fever is just over 2,000 for every 1,000. For 1,500 per 1,000 of this, "colds" are responsible.

Men are more subject to colds than women. The incidence is highest in children under four years of age and lowest in persons over 55. There is a high level in the 25-35 group.

HOW TO AVOID COLDS

Keep all the organs of the body in good order.
Get plenty of sunshine and fresh air.
Eat the best food.
Do not overdress.
Eliminate the body poisons through bowels, kidneys and lungs.
Get rid of mouth infections.
Use cold vaccines.
Consult your doctor early and follow his advice.



No. 1579—A youthful frock that will become the average figure well. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 576 — The clever skirt pleats bring the new front fullness to this frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 558 — Every smart woman should have one frock like this in her wardrobe. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39 inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch ribbon for bow.

IT'S A HAPPY NEW YEAR IN STYLES ..

No. 1542 — Mature figures look their best in a svelte-lined frock such as this. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 35 inch contrasting material.

No. 163 — Planning a coat in one of the heavy new tweeds? This is an easy-to-make pattern. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires 3 yards of 54 inch material and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material for lining



PRICE 15 CENTS

THESE ARE CHATELAINE PATTERNS

They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock, we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns name the number and size of the style desired.

SAFE *no*

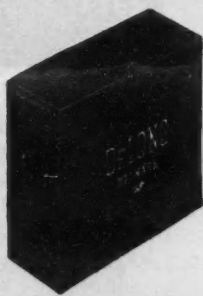
A towel having only 20 layers of cellulose would be definitely unsafe.

SAFE ?

A 30-layer pad may afford doubtful protection — but you can't afford to take a chance.

SAFE *yes*

A 40-layer pad guarantees "more than safe" protection. DeLong Delnaps have 40 layers



Look for the Jade Green box at your favorite store. They cost no more. Delnaps are made by DeLong Hook & Eye Co. of Canada, Ltd., at St. Mary's, Ont.

DE LONG

DELNAPS

10 *extra* layers

in each pad

(No extra bulk)

FASHION SHORTS

by KAY MURPHY

NEW PLANS FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR



The use of fringe has become an important 1936 note . . . The evening frock in moiré is guaranteed to give one a devastating entrance.

NOW Greek meets Greek, and the result is those stunning Grecian evening dresses that could, with a little imagination, have been copied from statues of ancient Greece. Pleats are used in sweeping grace, and the bodices are cut very simply. Heavy gold clips, strictly tailored, are a popular means of accenting these dresses.

Chiffon is being quite run after, in the newer dinner and evening gowns, and of course, they are exquisite when made on Grecian lines.

Velvet continues to be a popular fabric for "before and after five." It's very smart in street lengths, and ankle length for tea, and then floored for dinner or evening wear. So many are adding a little lamé packet to brighten up the velvet, for dinner or the theatre.

Yes, green accents on white, very good, and so are red touches. Give a gal that Red Cross look.

And if Paisley prints aren't back with us again! In fact, all sorts of prints are making their appearance in the market. A lovely print is the "tapestry" kind — really copied from tapestries that hang on some of the Europe's most marbled halls. And for evening wear, printed crêpes and chiffons are yum-yum. Saw a lovely white chiffon evening dress, with large — and I mean large — roses of red strewn all over it.

The "bird" shades are a pleasant interlude in these cold days. Just imagine having a dress the color of redbird (green) or woodpecker (grey) or pigeon

(aqua) or blue jay (royal) — some of the better colors that hide their light under the dark winter coat.

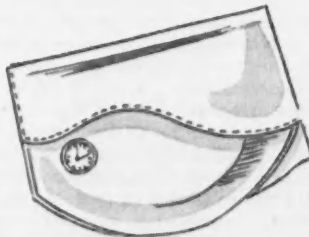
Black and white continues to be the pet of the season. So many smart little black dresses take on bows, tiny capes, collars and cuffs of white lingerie or lace. For afternoon wear, the black velvet "bar-time" dress leans heavily toward white Irish lace trimming.

And look at the fringe that is sweeping into the picture. I'm seeing it every place I turn — on smarter afternoon dresses, used on capes, and as tiers for skirts; also as complete capes, and in some instances as overskirts, on dinner and evening dresses. It's always a graceful, feminine trimming, don't you think?

"The Cold rush of 1935." Yes, there will be lots of days when you wish you had on something like Ye Olde Red Flannels. There are lots of cute woolies that will keep you snug without bulking out the girlish contours. In fact, lots of smart gals wear very tight-fitting woolies under their dinner and evening dresses and find they round out the figger nicely, and are so cosy without being too, too hotish. You might try it.

And those purses with the watch in the corner — which you may take out and tuck under your pillow at night — are very "timely" affairs. Helps you keep track of your minutes.

So many of the nicer dresses are studded with rhinestone, even for afternoon wear. Saw a lovely dove-grey tunic crêpe affair with blue rhinestones spattered all over it. And so many more dresses have Cellophane or gold thread interwoven in the wool or crêpe — to give you a sparkly appearance.



New bags carry a tiny watch which can be taken out and put under one's pillow at night.



COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist- Throat" Method

In your throat and windpipe there are thousands of tiny moisture glands which dry up or clog when you catch cold. Phlegm collects, irritates your throat, making you cough.



Pertussin will stimulate those glands . . . loosen the phlegm, soothe the throat and relieve your cough.

Pertussin has been very widely prescribed by Doctors for 30 years and is on sale in practically every drug store. Get a bottle today!

PERTUSSIN "Moist-Throat" Method of COUGH RELIEF

VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE DID TRICK

They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that is all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Only 25c—**NR TO-NIGHT** all druggists. **TOMORROW ALRIGHT**

FREE: Beautiful 5 Color—1935-1936 Calendar Thermometer. Also samples NR and Tums. Send stamp for postage and packing to The Lewis Medicine Co., 67 Crawford Avenue, Windsor, Ontario.

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with **TENASITINE**
STICKS EVERYTHING
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This is a *REAL* KIRBIGRIP

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The first cost may be a little more than the cheap copy but it will outlast every competitor and maintain its springy hold.

Supplied plain or waved, silk or shell covered and paste set for evening wear. Also in larger sizes particularly suited to present-day hairdressing.

Made in England by the Patentees—**KIRBY BEARD & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM.**

Sold by The T. EATON CO., and high class stores.

Be sure you get **'KIRBIGRIPS'** & you will always have tidy hair



TO TREAD THE NEW YEAR SMARTLY

No. 1570 — A very distinctive skirt and blouse,—the blouse with open neck at back. It comes also with the long skirt as shown in the back view below. The blouse would be charming in one of the new metallic fabrics, as well as crêpes and silky weaves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material.

No. 546 — Directly in line with the new vogue for exciting necklines, and interesting sleeves, is this beautiful frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 2 inch ribbon for strap and bows.

No. 542 — You may wear this smart blouse as a long tunic with short puff sleeves, as shown in the back view below—it's delightful in either style. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39 inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35 inch material for skirt lining.



No. 569 — To celebrate the gay parties ahead of you in the new year, nothing could be more enchanting for young figures than this gay frock. Sizes 29, 31, 33 and 35. Size 35 requires 5 yards of 39 in. material for long-sleeved version.

PRICE 15 CENTS

No. 566 — Ideal for larger figures in its svelte lines and clever use of diagonals is this frock for larger figures. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material.

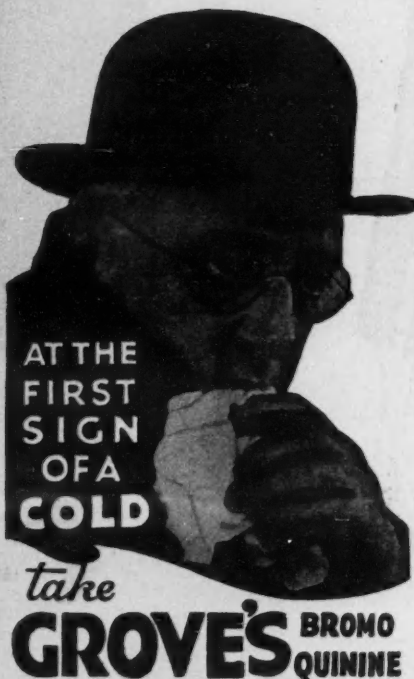
Too Weak To Do Her Housework

She Was Being Poisoned by Constipation

For many years this woman's system was completely out of order, due to chronic constipation. Nothing seemed to do her any good. Then she found a way to rid herself of the constipation, and her health quickly improved. In the following letter she explains how this came about:—

"For many years I had stubborn constipation which apparently no remedy could improve. My system was being continually poisoned. I was unable to sleep, and was so weak that I could not even attend to my housework. Then I began to take Kruschen Salts. In a short while, I noticed a vast improvement in my general condition. Now I sleep better at nights—I am no longer constipated—and my work seems easier. I have Kruschen Salts to thank for all these benefits."—(Mrs.) B.

Kruschen Salts is Nature's recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. Kruschen stimulates your internal organs to smooth, regular action. Your inside is thus kept clear of those impurities which, allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system.



AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD

take GROVE'S BROMO QUININE

It is much easier to prevent a cold than to stop one. Even a slight cold can take hold quickly and develop seriously. When you are threatened with a cold, the wise thing to do is to treat it promptly for what it is—an internal infection. Grove's Bromo Quinine does the four necessary things to attack and rid the system of cold—

1. It opens the bowels gently but effectively.
2. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system.
3. It relieves the headache and "grippy" feeling.
4. It tones up the system and helps fortify against further attacks.

This is the kind of treatment a cold requires to drive it right out of the system quickly and effectively.

Your druggist has Grove's. Keep a box handy at all times and at the first sign of a chill or sneeze take them as prescribed. Be sure to ask for Grove's Bromo Quinine, however, when you purchase.

They're in a White Box

Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE

The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 15)

ONCE MORE Katerinka village was the centre of swarming police activity. Within a radius of fifty kilometres, every gendarmierie post had been alarmed. Highways and byways, lanes and paths were patrolled by the green-uniformed men, their bayoneted rifles slung over their shoulders, their pistols ready as they stalked through the night.

But the result of all this search and investigation was—nothing.

Nothing.

For a few minutes, during the Murder Commission's search of the tower, there was tense excitement and the detective believed the turning-point had come. This was at the moment when the officials discovered the flattened bullets which had been fired at Geoffrey and Agnes during their afternoon visit to the tower.

At first, Till had assumed that these were the murder bullets, but after reflection he decided, for a number of reasons, that they were not. His fundamental argument was the fact that the bullets were of heavy calibre, round nose, of a type commonly used in military service pistols, whose impact is normally so great as to knock a victim over as though struck with a heavy metal fist. This conflicted with the condition in which the body had actually been found, and Till deduced that the bullets had been fired not from the table, but from the vicinity of the bed, as one of them had sunk itself into the door frame so deeply that its trajectory could be estimated.

Two pistols, then, had been used in the tower room, and the user of one of them had taken pains to remove the projectile with which he had done the murder.

In spite of the late hour, Till sent for Geoffrey and submitted him to another questioning; eliciting the facts of his previous encounter with the mysterious guest.

Secondly, he made several additional deductions. While it was possible that the "guest" possessed two pistols, and had used one of them when firing at Geoffrey and the other when firing at Dr. Albrecht, it appeared equally logical that the Albrecht bullet might have been fired by a different person, particularly in view of its disappearance. For the picking up of the bullet implied a fear that, if found, it might be linked to a particular weapon, and if a man nursed such a fear concerning one of his guns, he might logically be expected to react to the same fear in connection with a second, in case he owned two.

This fear, however, had not motivated the man who had fired at Geoffrey and Agnes.

But perhaps this was an inconsistency which had its root in a disordered mind? Hadn't Till, from the very beginning, believed that a "lunatic or degenerate" was probably responsible for the entire affair? Wasn't that the answer to all of the case's irrational points? An insane man would act with diabolical ingenuity at one instant and childish inconsequence at the next.

Oh, there must be a "pattern," a comprehensible structure, to this case at Schloss Popperthal. Of that Till was convinced. Yet he felt baffled by his inability to build up its pieces and he was sorely disappointed by the results of the police investigation.

Fingerprints?

"Find me a print in the tower," he had commanded, "that was among those we found in the Baroness's bedroom."

At a quarter past two in the morning the fingerprint expert came to him.

"Here is the print of the missing 'guest.' Several perfect examples up there. I've sent to see if it's included in our files."

"Was it among those you found in the other place?"

The expert shook his head. "The only fingerprint we've found common to both places is that of the maid Anna."

Anna?

Till sent for Anna.

"You say the tower was empty at the time you were there?"

"Yes, sir. I couldn't see the gentleman anywhere."

"What did you do then?"

(Continued on page 32)

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A "BABY BUBBLES" DOLL FOR YOUR OWN?

Here's "Baby Bubbles"—such a natural, cuddly, baby doll that you fall in love with her at first sight!

"Baby Bubbles" is fifteen inches tall, she is practically unbreakable, has eyes that close, and a really lifelike baby cry. She has healthy pink dimpled knees and a pink and white baby face. Her arms and legs are movable.

"Baby Bubbles" wears socks and baby shoes that you can take off, and she comes to you in a pretty colored dress and bonnet to match. What's more, she wears rubber panties!

Girls, big or little, will adore this doll. It is yours, if you will send us two One-year subscriptions for Chatelaine at \$1.00 each — or one Three-year subscription at \$2.00. You can get these subscriptions from your friends, neighbours or relatives—but subscriptions from your own home will not count! "Baby Bubbles" is offered as a special reward for securing these subscriptions for us.

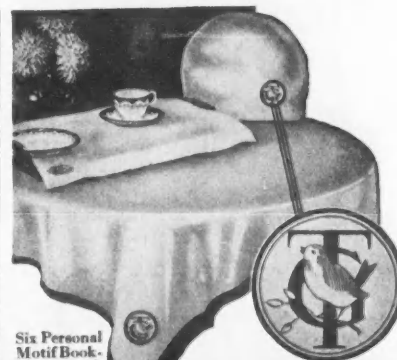
When you have got the subscriptions, write the names and addresses of the subscribers clearly on a plain sheet of paper, and your own name and address. Pin this picture of "Baby Bubbles" to it and mail it to me with the \$2.00 — and in a very short time this lovely dolly will be yours!



"Baby Bubbles" is made in Canada by Canadian workmen.

Mail the subscriptions to me—

BABY BUBBLES, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.



Six Personal Motif Booklets, with designs and transfers, 5¢ each. Use coupon.

28 PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE \$25.00 SECOND PRIZE \$20.00
THIRD PRIZE \$15.00

for Embroidery

28 prizes for best Personal Motif embroidered on a luncheon, tea or breakfast set, using Clark's "Anchor" Embroidery Threads. Send coupon, and get details of this thrilling challenge to your needlecraft!

CLARK'S "Anchor" EMBROIDERY THREADS

CLARK'S "Anchor" STRANDED COTTON
CLARK'S "Anchor" PEARL COTTON
CLARK'S "Anchor" STRANDSHEEN
"Anchor" SOFT EMBROIDERY
Made in Canada by the Makers of Coats' and Clark's 6-Cord Spool Cotton.

A MILWARD'S Needle—famous since 1730—will speed your work.

The Canadian Spool Cotton Co. Ltd., 222 Dept. X-49, P.O. Box 519, Montreal, Que.

Please send me details of Personal Embroidery Contest (). I enclose 5¢ each (25¢ for set of 6) for Personal Motif Booklets, with designs and transfers (). Check literature you wish.

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Address.....

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Learn DRESS-MAKING

Have MORE Clothes...
Smart Individuality
• SAVE Money
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AT HOME... In spare time, through fascinating easy lessons... you can now learn all the professional secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing the lovely feminine fashions.

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☐ Advanced Dressmaking and Designing
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Name..... Age.....
(Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

Address.....



THE IRISH TYPE

by VERNA M. WELSBY

Beauty Specialist for Yardley and Company, Limited

THERE ARE two types of Irishwomen, the southern brunette and the medium type from Northern Ireland. The Northern girl has taken her tall stature and graceful carriage from Scottish and English blood, while the Southern Irishwoman gets her dark, mysterious beauty from the native indigenous stock that is deep rooted in Erin's historic soil.

Let us take the latter type first. She is, of course, far more prevalent since "Southern Ireland," or the Irish Free State, comprises Connaught, Munster and Leinster, and Northern Ireland only a part of Ulster. The Southern Irish girl's eyes are deepset, smoke blue or slate grey as though influenced by the peat smoke and slate mountains of her country. Her hair is dark, though seldom really black, and usually wavy. Her forehead is high; her face oval or heart-shaped. Her nose short and retroussé and her mouth wide.

She smiles easily, and when she laughs opens wide her mouth and throws back her head. She is usually small and slight and seems to have taken on the faery charm of those elves and leprechauns who dance in the Irish woodlands at night. She is dainty, audacious, impudent, and at the same time elusive. Her hands and feet are small, her teeth are also tiny, giving a look of delicacy which is seldom deserved. Classically, her wide mouth detracts from her beauty, but it gives a look of generosity and great heartedness which is her birthright. Her coloring and skin texture are her great assets. Her skin, though not quite as delicate as that of her northern sister, has a soft, creamy smoothness. She has a natural color in her cheeks and lips and "eyes put in with a smutty finger." Her make-up should not be chosen to alter the coloring which nature has given to her. A rachel face powder and a medium rouge and lipstick suit her best.

She is too definitely of the elfin type ever to succeed in being thoroughly soignée and sophisticated and she should never attempt these poses, for that will be to take her own charm from her. Hair allowed to curl in a natural way, a dress or suit pulled in at the

waist, a hat not over exaggerated in style will flatter her. She is in luck when full skirts and puffed sleeves are worn, and less fortunate (or less stylish) when long straight lines are the vogue. She cannot wear much jewellery and looks well in organdie and flowered prints. She is vivacious and her clothes should be selected with that thought in mind. Strong colors suit her and some pastel shades, but she does not look well in black or dead white.

HOWEVER, HER naturally lovely skin needs the greatest care when once she leaves her own green and grey country. Those bog mists rising in the evening and fading with the morning sunshine into dew on the grass keep her skin moist, soft and altogether beautiful. But—and it is a big but—it has accustomed her to believe that it is not necessary to care greatly for her skin. Nature has been kind to her, she thinks, and nature did not intend her to assist.

So long as she is in her own land she is right. The moment she reaches a large city where she has to endure a hard winter, steam-heated rooms and baking suns, then nature revolts. The Irish skin, so used to a climate which is ideal for complexions, will get into a worse condition and get there more quickly than a skin normally accustomed to harder conditions. Therefore, the Irish girl in the city must guard her skin with the greatest of care. *She must cream and cream and cream.* Cream off her make-up at night and re-cream, leaving on a nourishing cream during sleeping hours. Cream again in the morning and at least once during the day cream off old make-up and apply more over a creamy base. Thus and only thus will this complexion, used to a soft, caressing atmosphere retain its natural beauty. There is a three purpose cream which is good for this.

Her hair never gives very much trouble; it falls naturally into waves and takes on a gloss when brushed carefully. She should never attempt a severely tailored hair-cut. This will only accentuate her rather uneven features and widen her already too large mouth. Curls, softly arranged and falling

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The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 30)

"I ran down to Anton's room, sir, to tell him that the gentleman was gone."

"So. And what did Anton say?"

"He got right up, sir, and we went up to the hall. Dr. Albrecht was just coming down the stairs to go home, after sitting with the Baron all evening."

"Yes."

"It was just at the time that the lights went out. It was terrible. The thunderstorm was coming up outside; the Herr Doktor was in a hurry to get home before the rain came. We asked him what we had better do, sir, and he scolded and said I was a silly girl and had lost my head; but he decided that he had better go up himself, and if what I said was true he would have to notify the Baron. He had his flashlight in his hand, to light the path home, so he went down the hall toward the tower." She began to cry. "And he never came back."

"What did you do then?"

"We waited, sir. It seemed to me hours. The storm was dreadful. After a long time Anton said he had better get a rifle from the hunting room, in case anything had happened to the doctor: he was wonderfully brave, Anton was. I didn't want to let him go, but he said I would have to, so he took me down and locked me in his room. That's all I know, sir."

The detective sat, eyes reddened from lack of sleep, forcing his weary mind over the puzzling details.

Was her alibi so complete as it sounded?

Suppose Anton and Anna were accomplices?

Anton—bring in the man Anton!

Anton, still in his ridiculous combination of night garments and house-jacket, sat in front of Till like a candidate for the executioner.

"The story you told me before—you were lying, weren't you?" snarled Till.

"No, sir."

Till started forward like an enraged bull, and Anton quailed backward into his chair.

"You say you locked that girl into your room tonight. Why did you put her in your room?"

"To keep her safe, sir."

"Was she ever in your room before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah-hah! That's something new."

"I've told you we're pledged to be married, sir."

"Publicly?"

"No, sir."

"A nice story. When was the last time she was in your room?"

Anton was silent, his ashy face working convulsively.

"Answer me!"

"She was there last night, sir," the servant whispered in a barely audible voice.

"Last night? You mean the night the

Baroness, your employer, was murdered?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what was she doing in your room?"

"It was the first time she ever came, sir. She was worried by the gentleman in the tower. It was her duty to take his tray up to him and keep his room tidy, and he had begun to pay her attentions and to annoy her, sir. She came to ask me what she should do. We talked it over, and I said that if the gentleman kept on bothering her, I would take his tray up myself and we'd find a way to smooth the whole thing out without a fuss."

"And you heard nothing suspicious during the time Anna was there?"

"No, sir."

"Think, man! During those minutes the Baroness was murdered."

"Anna said that, as she came downstairs, she thought she smelled tobacco smoke in the entrance hall. That was very unusual. She stopped and listened but couldn't hear or see anything. But during the time she was with me, we were talking, and part of the time she was crying. I wasn't listening to anything else."

Had the story the ring of truth, Till asked himself.

Curious that on both nights, of all nights, these two should have been up and about.

Wasn't that the point of similarity in both murders—the loophole into both mysteries?

Ah, theory, theory! The light of day was coming through the window, and still, for all his theory, Till lacked the clear-cut evidence, the proof which was beyond a shadow of doubt. And he sat accusing a pale, anaemic man and a nervous, agitated girl, of blood-thirsty crimes which would better fit a lunatic or a primitive.

THE MORNING was humid and close, with a breathless heat. Scornful were the glances flung at the gendarmerie by the villagers. A few women on their way to the pump stopped to watch Major Janska as he climbed imposingly out of a motor car in which he had been inspecting the cordon of uniformed men. A group of newspaper reporters, frowsy and unshaven after a night of watching, steered for the officer like wasps descending upon a juicy morsel.

The Major was red in the face. "The gendarmerie is on the job and will have the entire matter solved within a very short time," he assured them.

A number of villagers had noticed a commotion at the other end of the street, and now the Major and his questioners became aware that something out of the ordinary was taking place there. Word was flitting from house to house in the swift, almost telepathic communication of the village, and a sensation was brewing which would occupy the people of Katerinka for many a winter evening during many a long year, until all the living generations had gone to join their forefathers, and the murder of the Baroness von Popperthal and Dr. Albrecht had become confused, forgotten legend.

The Gendarme Gritz was only halfway down the street, yet the whole village had already learned that he, Corporal Gritz, local pride and mainstay of Katerinka justice, had made vital discoveries in the case

(Continued on page 38)

Little Things

UNTHINKING persons scoff at the suggestion that little changes in foods exercise vast power over their bodies. They know that the lasting qualities of a house or a machine depend upon the materials used in building it. How much more true must this be of the human body. It can be only as youthful, and resistant as the food materials that build it permit. I am absolutely convinced that most human bodies are built out of dead and mineral-deficient foods. They lose youthfulness, lack resistance and become diseased early and die long before their natural time.

Only little changes are necessary to transform these bodies into elastic, flexible, resilient, youthful bodies that can double or treble their present potentialities for accomplishment and the joy of living.

Here is an instance of what little changes in food can do. My grand niece at eight months had "infantile eczema". From her fourth week she had been wrapped in stinking ichthyol ointment, never allowed a bath and suffered demoniac tortures. I added only vegetable juice to her milk formula and in twenty-four hours she fell into a sleep that lasted twenty-one hours. Previously she was almost destroyed for want of sleep. She was bathed, promptly recovered, and in nine years has had no hint of a recurrence. The vegetable juice supplied the minerals that neutralized the irritants which caused the disease.

Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub all contain rich supplies of these minerals. It is almost startling what they can accomplish in building resistance to or overcoming disease. The proof of this statement is at hand. Try three or four packages, add a raw vegetable salad once a day (no vinegar) for two weeks and you, too, will be a devotee.

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THE FIVE ANGLES OF STYLE ON OUR BEAUTY CULTURE COVER

Varying moods for winter chic are portrayed on the cover of our beauty culture section this month. The sportive lass in the ski-suit is Marsha Hunt, of Paramount. Vari-colored wool purling brings vivid gaiety to her outfit, in brown with a bright green knitted cap.

The girl with the all-popular Russian air wears Lucien Lelong's striking black astrakhan ensemble. The hat is also by Lucien Lelong... The distinctive frock in stripes, is by Heim—another French designer of note... A charming Patou evening gown shows the front treatment which is so important this season. Jean Patou also created the clever hat and lavishly furred coat.

Cold Facts

(Continued from page 26)

Lines of Defense

An Elizabethan poet said: "See to thy mouth, diseases enter there." The Indian squaw taught her papoose to keep the mouth closed, not as a measure of protection against disease, but to keep out evil spirits. Infants and young children, except when laughing or crying, invariably breathe through the nose. The mouth is for feeding, not for breathing purposes.

Other Defenses

Diet—The food should contain the five essentials: meat, milk, eggs, vegetables and fruit. It should be properly cooked. Over-feeding is as harmful as underfeeding.

Fresh air—The temperature of most houses in the cold weather is too high; the air is often cooked or burnt. It contains too little moisture. The effect of continuous hot, dry air is to dry out one's body, to rob the body of its due quota of fluid. Moreover the dryness of the air so cools our bodies that more heat is demanded. The temperature of living rooms in winter should be 68 degrees Fahrenheit and the air should contain 45 to 50 per cent of moisture. This may be accurately ensured by a humidifier. In the usual absence of this article in one's home, the placing of pans of water on the radiator or stove and in receptacles for plants, will help to keep the air moist. The rooms should be regularly aired and one should sleep with the windows open.

There should be sufficient sleep and the clothing worn should be comfortable and not too heavy. Extra clothing may be added for outdoor wear.

Avoid the Person With a Cold

Individuals and children should avoid contact with persons who have colds. A cold is a contagious disease. They should be very particular to wash the hands frequently, and always before a meal. If a member of a household has a cold, he should avoid contact with the well members of the family.

Severer Cases

In the more severe cases a cold or its complications may cause anxiety. There may be continued cough, congestion of the air passages, bronchitis, pneumonia, sinus trouble, earache or inflammation of the mastoid cells. These are serious and call for the doctor. The lingering cough is often helped by the use of codliver oil, a teaspoonful before each of three feedings. Bronchitis and pneumonia require skilled medical attention and nursing. Sometimes earache involves the formation of pus or matter in the middle ear, which must promptly be let out if we are to avoid the bursting of the drum and a resulting deafness or running ear. A mastoiditis is a further extension of infection to the cells in the knob of bone just behind the ear. Early treatment is needed to avoid disaster in such a condition.

Parents should remember that measles, an epidemic affection of children, usually begins with running nose and watery eyes, like a cold. The early appearance of a dusky red rash on the skin soon settles the question.

Colds in Adults

The same causes prevail and the means of prevention are similar. Rest in bed for a few days is the best treatment. The newest cure of a cold comes through the press from Dallas, Texas. It is sponsored by a couple of Y. M. C. A. officers but it will scarcely become popular. It is—to stand on your head so as to afford good drainage.

If there are threatened complications, rest in bed is imperative and those subject to bronchitis will do well to seek a milder climate in winter.

Honeymoon in New York

(Continued from page 24)

"What's the matter?"

He saw her for the first time. "Oh, hello, hon! I guess I lost ten dollars. Thought it might have fallen in here somewhere, but it looks like it hasn't."

An iciness began to envelop Valerie's heart. "Will we have enough money to get by on, anyhow?" she asked quietly.

"Just about . . . if you didn't spend too much."

The iciness closed over her heart. She couldn't feel it beat at all. "I bought a hat." She broke the news calmly. Mechanically, she undid the box, lifted out the exquisiteness, held it up without a word.

"Yeah, it's pretty. Did it cost much?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Fifteen dollars!"

Valerie was looking at the hat instead of him, but she could see his incredulous stare.

"I—I wanted it so bad," she tried to explain, nervously fingering the soft velvet folds. "It's to be sort of . . . a souvenir."

Jim exploded. "You can get souvenirs in the ten-cent store."

There was a long pause. The ice in her heart had spread all over. "I'll take it back," she volunteered.

Jim didn't say anything.

She slipped out of the room again. The iciness stayed with her in spite of the warm day while she trudged back to the department store to make the exchange, rivalled

the supercilious coolness of the saleswoman as she refunded her money. It hadn't melted still by the time she came back, turned the fifteen dollars over to Jim without a word.

His surliness was over. "I'm sorry, hon," he told her as he pocketed the bills. "If I hadn't lost that money maybe we could have stretched our bankroll so that you could have bought some kind of a hat, even if it would have been a cheap one."

"That's all right," Valerie answered through her tight throat.

"Never mind, kid," he consoled her self-consciously, patting her shoulder. "Some day you'll have all the hats you want, and I won't care how much you pay for them."

Valerie nodded mutely, didn't cry out as she longed to: "But they won't be bought on our honeymoon in New York!"

THAT NIGHT she lay awake, thinking. Tomorrow they'd be going back. Their honeymoon, the adventure and the romance of it, would be over. They'd be going back, without even The Hat to keep alive the memories. It wouldn't have been so bad to have returned The Hat, if only Jim could have understood why she had bought it in the first place. If only she could have explained. But how could she have explained what she only could feel herself, deep inside of her? Still, she knew that if she couldn't have brought herself to tell him why she had bought the hat, and if he couldn't understand even if she didn't tell him, what was going to happen when there'd be bigger things that she ought to explain, the bigger things that he ought to understand?

Of course he couldn't understand, she scolded herself. He was a man, and men felt different about things like that. Realizing that he was different and that he thought differently, Valerie knew, for the first time, a strange fear. She'd be going back home

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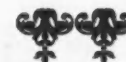
around her neck will enhance her elfin appearance.

SO MUCH for the Southern Irishwoman. Her Northern sister is a larger type. She runs to height, has wide shoulders and narrow hips. Her limbs are long and her hair is usually a lightish brown. Her features, especially the eyes, do not vary much from the Southern girl. Her skin is delicate and transparent but the Northerner has city dirt to cope with and a less mild climate. She should begin being careful of her skin as soon as she grows up, and continue doing so wherever she is. However, her complexion is not so likely to get dried out by a change of climate as is that of the Southerner. It will probably remain much the same whether she remains in Ireland or travels to less gentle lands, since she knows that she must guard it carefully all the time.

The Northern girl has none of the faery charm of the Southerner. She is reserved and often called cold. She can chill the over-friendly foreigner with one withering look from her deepset eyes. But this is part of her charm, for it is her reserve that piques the curiosity of the opposite sex. They want to

find out more about this reserved lady who has told them so little and charmed them so much. It is the ancient lure of mystery brought into play once more. This type, with her long legs and square shoulders, needs very careful dressing. She looks her best in a suit whether it be a city broadcloth worn with a fur and a Paris hat, or tweeds looking as though they had been shaped by her constant wearing of them with a sweater, scarf and pull-on hat. In the evening her dresses should keep to straight lines and above all to demure colors. She should wear browns, navy or black as a base, lighting it with lilac, dusty pink or pervenche blue. She looks well in off-white or deep cream. Long earrings suit her and she can carry all jewellery well.

She can stand plenty of make-up. Cherry rouge and lipstick are good on her and there is a misty grey eye-shadow which she will find especially becoming. Natural or peach face powder flatters her skin. Her coiffure must, above all things, be neat. She can wear it waved or straight but always brushed to a sheen with brilliantine or a special hair-grooming oil.



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Designed to show you at a glance what are the new color harmonies for Day and Evening

For Day Wear—

FROCK	SHOES	HOSE
Wine-red	Black	Caribou
Rust	Brown	Green (with green gloves)
Jungle green	Green	Copper (with copper gloves)
Raisin	Black	Fawn-taupe
Black	Black	Copper
Geranium-red	Black	Smoke-mist
Hunter's green	Brown	Green
Navy blue	Navy blue	Smoke-mist
Grey	Grey	Dubonnet (with Dubonnet gloves)

For Evening Wear—

FROCK	SHOES	HOSE
Black	Gold	Copper
Black	Silver	Silversheen
White	White	Skin-tone
Pastel shades	Matching	Skin-tone
Plum	Matching	Copper
Wine-red	Matching	Dubonnet or caribou
Silver metallic	Silver	Silversheen
Gold metallic	Gold	Complexion—suntan
Black	Black	Off-black
Fuchsia	Silver	Fuchsia

Starring the Quints

(Continued from page 11)

paper, outlining the idea for "The Country Doctor." Darryl Zanuck liked it instantly and asked him to elaborate it with the help of Sonia Levine, an experienced Hollywood script writer. The result was so satisfactory that Zanuck began overtures to gain the right of photographing the famous babies.

Ever since the Quints were born, every motion-picture studio in Hollywood has been trying to find a way to transfer the babies to the screen on a feature picture, and to win some of the money made by the thousands of business houses who have exploited their products through the popularity of the little dark-eyed girls.

First, rumor had it that Paramount Studios had won the right to make a big feature film starring the babies. Then Warner Brothers. Then Mary Pickford. But it remained for Twentieth Century-Fox Company to make the monetary offer so alluring that the Government guardians, in the interests of the Dionne babies themselves, could hardly refuse to accept.

Figures have been quoted wildly as to the price paid, but they undoubtedly run from between \$50,000 and \$100,000 for a maximum of 157 minutes actual filming time. An all-time salary record!

The Pathé News Reel Corporation possessed the sole rights to photograph the famous children over a given period. But they agreed to waive these rights—for certain considerations, which were granted. For one thing, all still pictures made during production will be taken by the Pathé Company, and for the negatives of each of these, the Twentieth Century Company will pay the Pathé Company fifty dollars.

As probably 250 of these will be taken, this item alone will run to \$12,500!

AND SO Hollywood came to Callander. Into the world's most famous nursery walked directors, cameramen and movie stars. In fear and trembling the stage was set, the big cameras and lights were trained on the five lusty young Canadians, and Dr. Dafoe stood by to lift a restraining finger at the first sign of trouble. "The Country Doctor" was under way.

Then a strange thing happened. While it had been generally felt by Director Henry King and author Charles Blake that the script for the story couldn't be completed until after the shots of the young stars had been made in their native setting, it was not imagined that Canada's gifts to moviedom might take matters in their own chubby hands and turn playwrights.

Yet that is practically what they have done. When "The Country Doctor" comes to the screen, you will know that, whatever the dictum of Hollywood and the regulations set by the movie moguls, the Dionne babies simply sailed through one scene after another and made their story as they went.

Can the world's best-known babies act? They don't have to. Their naturalness is their charm. But Director Henry C. King, famed for his film work with children, believes that Yvonne, biggest and healthiest of the famous five, is not only one of the world's most beautiful children he has seen, but that she is also a potential actress of real ability.

Marie is the temperamental one, who halts work with an occasional lusty howl over some unexpected piece of business, such as being dressed by her pseudo-nurse and doctor. She is also the shy and quiet member of the troupe, who hides behind her famous sisters when some of the shots are being taken, and is the wobbliest toddler of all.

Yvonne is alert, interested and wired for action at any moment. On one occasion she caused a sudden upset by seizing the comb

from Miss Peterson's hand, and combing first the star's hair, then her own. Next to Yvonne, Annette and Emelie share acting honors. Cecile is often in a state of wonderment, and Emelie and Miss Peterson have become real friends.

The movie men came loaded down with enough equipment for a Canadian hibernation, if necessary. They could always use enforced leisure time for the filming of some such epic as "Murphy of the Mounted." But the quints made film history as well as the best pictures their delighted sponsors had ever seen. They took the prepared story in hand, substituted a romp for a sleepy-time scene, comedy for tragedy and occasional storms for sunshine. And it was all a hundred times more dramatic and arresting than anything the script had called for, with a minimum of lost time. After only a week's shooting, the Twentieth Century-Fox Company isn't looking for any refund on its fabulous, all-time record salary.

Master student of character though he is, and in spite of his resemblance to the little country physician he portrays, no one was more surprised than Jean Hersholt when Yvonne, by way of greeting, threw her arms around his neck, then pulled a fountain pen from his pocket.

That, in quintuplet language, said: "You are one of us."

THERE WON'T be any cornflake snow in the picture of the Callander quintuplets. Skies of Northern Ontario obligingly laid down a four-inch blanket of white the day the movie company arrived, and provided weather that was cold enough to delight the Danish actor, Jean Hersholt who takes the leading rôle. California sun-drenched Dorothy Peterson wasn't so pleased with twenty-below-zero days, though, and shivered in her mink wrap.

WHATEVER "The Country Doctor" contains of mystery, suspense and tense excitement, it cannot hope to rival the real drama which has been enacted since that strange night Mrs. Oliva Dionne gave birth to quintuplets, and Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe miraculously brought each, through shadow, into a living world. What fictional background for the doctor can hope to equal the twenty-seven-year service, often by dog team, sleigh and buggy, to poverty-stricken, isolated settlers of a remote Canadian district? How present an incident, compelling in its humanitarian force, as that in which he cared for 1,500 influenza cases, single-handed, in 1918's great epidemic? Where find manufactured tragedy to equal in intensity that of bewildered, embittered Oliva and Elzire Dionne, who sit apart with their other almost forgotten children in a ramshackle farm 150 yards from the ultra-modern, perfectly-equipped hospital home of the babies, and nurse a grievance over what they consider the injustice of government guardianship of their famous infants?

No contract pleases them, no offer of assistance appears to be satisfactory. The goose which laid this nest of golden eggs is a strange bird, indeed, to the simple French-Canadian farmer and his wife.

The film story is definitely imaginative, and the plot, still to be completed in detail, is not divulged. It will diverge considerably from the real story of the quintuplets, and the parents' refusal to have any part in the production may even preclude their representation on the screen.

Difficulties? Of course. There was the labor problem, for Canadian Union regulations demanded employment of as many Canadian as American workmen. Five technicians of Ontario were taken to the "set." Jean Hersholt went off for a lonely snowshoe excursion and hurt his leg, thus holding up production and becoming a patient of Dr. Dafoe. A broken glass in the sound equipment caused another delay. New teeth for Annette and Emelie were at least momentary distractions.

The Twentieth Century-Fox Company carried a comparatively small piece of film away from Callander; but, through a miracle of modern times, it will stretch to the four corners of the civilized world.

"Change for Five..."

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"Lysol" is a reliable disinfectant.

For nearly 50 years it has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession all over the world, and is regularly used in leading hospitals. In the home "Lysol" should be used, according to directions on each bottle, in your cleaning water, on brooms, mops, cloths.

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to live the rest of her life with someone she thought she had known very well and who had become, suddenly, an utter stranger. A tear squeezed itself from beneath an eyelid and a very small sob escaped before she could hold it back. She was thinking how glad she was that Jim did feel different about things than she did; that he was able to sleep as peacefully as if they could go on living in a New York hotel for ever, when he startled her by saying into the darkness:

"You hate to go back, don't you, hon?"

"I—What's the matter, can't you sleep?"

He drew her to him. "Naw. Guess it's too warm. Worrying about that hat?"

"What hat? Of course not, silly!"

They came back to the room to pack right after breakfast, but as soon as Valerie opened the big suitcase and settled down to the business of packing in earnest, Jim asked, "Listen, hon, do you mind if I go out for a while?"

"Go ahead," she answered listlessly.

Valerie shrugged with a new hardness when he was gone. She might as well get used to the fact that men were like that—running out on you when you needed them most. If Jim wasn't what she had thought he was, she might as well admit it now and be glad she had found out before her honeymoon was quite over instead of years later, the way most women did. This way, she could sort of build up some kind of protection and not let herself be too disillusioned. There'd be times when she'd need him more than she did now when he'd run out on her, too, Valerie supposed, dumping clothes savagely into the luggage that didn't look nearly as new and shiny as it had two weeks before.

Jim didn't get back until she was almost finished packing. Valerie didn't look up when he came in. "Sorry it took me so long," he apologized, mopping his forehead with a not-quite-clean handkerchief (they had run out of fresh linen). "I forgot the name of the store and had to go to three of 'em before I found it."

"Found what?" she asked sharply. She

looked up then, saw that he was carrying, with clumsy sheepishness, a hatbox.

He tossed it to her. "There's your hat."

"My hat!"

With trembling fingers Valerie undid the strings, pulled it out from beneath the layers of tissue paper. It was The Hat; same clever workmanship, same smart air, same exquisiteness, same label with the New York address.

"Oh, Jim . . . !" Valerie cried, and lapsed into inarticulateness.

They smiled at each other, Valerie through happy tears, the width of the room between them. In a swift movement she thrust the hat into the box, jumped to her feet, leaped into his arms.

"But Jim," she remembered, "what about the money?"

"We'll be able to manage," he assured her airily.

She kissed him again. Her heart sang, *I was right, I was right!* He had understood after all. He was no stranger, then, but her Jim, the one she had loved, the one she had married.

She turned, eagerly, to finish her packing. "Isn't it funny," she laughed, "an hour ago I didn't want to leave New York, and now I can't wait until we get home. Home, Jim!"

She worked quickly, humming a tune. "There, that's done. They're all ready except to be closed, and you can do that just before we leave. How much time have we got?"

"Enough."

"But how much? Look at your watch, Lazy!" she laughed.

He fiddled with a nail on one of his long bony fingers. He didn't meet her eyes when she looked at him, sudden suspicion crossing her mind.

"Jim, where's your watch?"

He played with the split nail.

"You didn't pawn it to buy my hat, did you?"

His eyes met hers, then, in embarrassment. He grinned at her, went back to fiddling with his split nail, still inarticulate.



ANY MOTHER WOULD LOVE THIS

Especially when this crocheted dress hanger was made for her by the daughter of the house

Materials to be used —1 ball pink wool
—1 strand each of banana, rose, absinthe
—1 medium crochet hook
—1 wooden dress hanger

With pink wool make a chain of 13. The FIRST ROW is worked on the 13 chain, thus: 1 single crochet, miss 1 stitch, 1 chain repeat from beginning of row to the end of row, and at end of row chain 1 to turn before working the second row. The SECOND ROW is worked as follows: 1 single crochet in the 1 chain of first row, 1 chain, 1 single

crochet, then repeat from beginning across the row to end. Continue working first and second rows, until the correct length for hanger.

TO COVER HOOK—Make a chain of 4. Work on these 4 chain SAME AS FIRST AND SECOND ROWS above until correct length to cover hook.

TO MAKE UP—Slip the centre of work over hook and sew together on under part of hanger. Sew together each end. Sew narrow piece over hook.

TO MAKE FLOWERS—Make a chain of 3, join in a ring. Work 5 chain, 1 single crochet into ring 5 TIMES, then chain 18. Make 6 flowers; 2 banana, 2 rose, 2 absinthe.



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had a certain sympathy with a poacher, when it came to arresting him.

But Gritz had sprung down into the pit, and was hoeing further with the mattock. Now, with a dramatic gesture of triumph, he lifted a bundle of blue cloth to view, and climbed with it back to the surface, where he began to turn aside the folds of flannel amid a horror-stricken suspense.

The layers were stiff with black-crusts clotted blood. A woman in the crowd began to wail with anticipated terror and the contagious sound spread amid a gruesome, hypnotic paralysis as the last fold was turned aside.

Under heavy grey hair, the severed head of the Baroness von Popperthal was revealed, a ghastly sight—stern, cold, forbidding features apparently fixed in an intent and accusing gaze upon Josef Kalla, who went white as a corpse.

"I arrest you for murder!" said the gendarme, placing a heavy hand upon the poacher's shoulder. "I saw you near the scene of the crime and I've been following you ever since."

The stricken, speechless prisoner was led away by a heavy guard, who had suddenly all they could do to prevent the enraged villagers from lynching him.

ONE OF the most interested spectators of the scene in the Kalla orchard had been Criminal Commissar Miroslav Till, who had arrived to occupy a place on the outskirts of the crowd where he could see everything that was going on without himself being one of the prominent at the affair.

As the crowd ebbed away, the detective stepped forward. He felt depressed and discouraged. The evidence establishing the identity of the Baroness's murderer had made such mockery of his painstaking work and careful analysis during the past twenty-four hours, that for the moment he doubted the wisdom of all deductive police efforts, and envied the gendarmes their simpler and more direct conception of the chase. He

was weary and overstrained; he had slept in his clothing and wanted a bath and a change of linen, a shave, and something to eat.

His left eye looked down into the shallow pit which had struck such a blow to all his carefully worked out theories. When had it been dug? Certainly before the rain.

As though in answer to his questions, one of the remaining bystanders addressed him confidentially. "I seen the fellow workin' here yesterday," announced the man, puffing acrid tobacco from a long-stemmed pipe. "Who'd 'a thought he was buryin' a part of her?"

"When?" Till demanded.

"Yesterday in the forenoon."

"Did he act nervous or unusual?"

"No, I wouldn't say so—not to my way o' thinkin'. Always was a gruff customer. He barked at me just like he usually does."

"Didn't it appear strange to you that he was digging a hole in the middle of his garden?" Till inquired.

"Here in the strawberries, you mean? Well, I assumed he knew what he was doin'. I see he had took a number o' plants out, an' set them aside while he dug his pit. He said he was goin' to start fresh plants from seed this year, an' wanted soil out o' the same bed."

"Did that make sense to you?"

"Why not? Best strawberry soil anywhere around here. You're a city man, ain't you? Guess maybe you don't understand such things."

"But you didn't see him bury anything in the ground?"

"No, sir. I'll bet you he was sly enough that nobody saw that."

So the man had done his digging in broad daylight?

To be Concluded

(Does the arrest of Kalla sound a satisfactory solution to you? It was not for Commissar Till—and his startling discoveries bring a totally unexpected conclusion to this novel, next month.)

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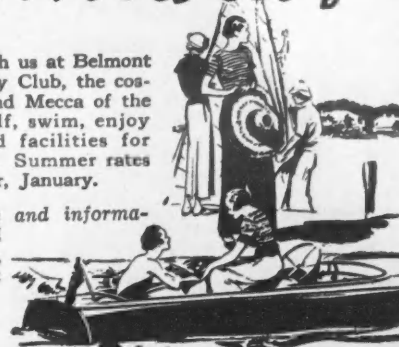
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STOP A COLD QUICKLY!

The Baroness's Head

(Continued from page 32)

which had baffled the experts from the city. How did people know? Perhaps it was something in Gritz's bearing. Perhaps he had winked to one or two of his friends, and they in turn had winked to others. In any event, following after him at a respectful distance, there was a growing knot of supporters, each of whom had known in his secret heart from the beginning that if anyone did anything to clear up the tragedy, it would be Gritz—Gritz the infallible, Gritz the shrewd, Gritz the Corporal who confirmed the truth of the old saying: "Sly as a gendarme."

Gritz, striding along like a drum-major before a brass band, was conscious of his following and found it pleasant. With brisk, firm steps he walked into the village square, approached Major Janska and stood stiffly at the salute.

Janska frowned at the forty-eight hour stubble of beard. The newcomer was hardly a figure symbolic of that parade gendarmierie which the major wished to present to the critical eyes of the press.

"I beg to speak to the major in private."

"What about?"

"I have very important information, sir." Gritz leaned forward and whispered two or three words which, despite the closest attention, escaped the press's ears.

And Janska's irritation vanished. He looked hurriedly from side to side, discovered the open door of the Pasek inn, and beckoned to the corporal. "In there," he said. The two men disappeared.

The gathering of villagers grew larger. The taller of the two organ-grinders sauntered up, his wheezy box slung over his shoulder, his eyes taking in the scene with interest. The other was making off as fast as his wooden leg would carry him in the direction of the Schloss, sensing events so important that it was vital to notify Commissar Till, sponsor and fosterer of the organ-grinding fine arts.

The gentlemen of the press assumed expressions similar to those of husbands who wait in anterooms while their wives approach the decisive moment of childbirth.

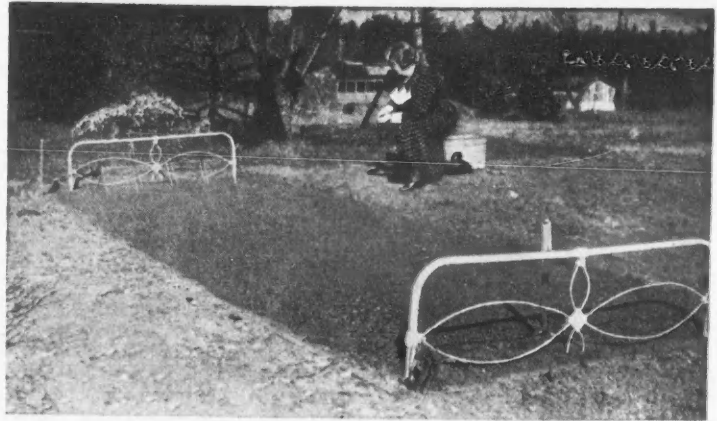
TWENTY MEN marched down the village street, and Major Janska, striding at the head, was glad he had called for twenty men. At first he had felt that ten would be sufficient, but he had presently remembered the notorious murderer Karamizil, who had dispatched nine people with an axe and stood off a heavy detachment of gendarmierie for seven hours before a lucky shot brought him down.

A little to the right and rear, like an adjutant, Corporal Gritz kept step with a mixture of emotions which he had never before had opportunity to experience. This was Gritz's hour. After years of successful but unrewarded dealing with petty cases—a sheet stolen from a clothes-line, a dog lured away for the soup pot by a passing gypsy, a minor robbery in the Farlik general store—Gritz was the centre of an affair with which great minds had occupied themselves in vain.

Just beyond the rise where the road passed the schoolhouse, a little lane turned in to the left between the houses. Standing off by itself, surrounded by its own bit of ground and a tottering fence, was a low, long peasant dwelling with a steep roof of neglected tile—a picturesque building, handsome in its careless decay, with flowerbeds blooming in a profusion of weeds, and a few scraggy fruit trees.

A gasping whisper went through the crowd as people became aware that it was this house, No. 24, on which the gendarmes' attention was focused.

So Pepi Kalla had finally brought it to an



NELLIE MCCLUNG AND HER ONION BED

SITTING pensively beside what appears to be the last resting place of some prehistoric giant, Nellie McClung, well known Canadian writer and lecturer, is merely emulating Beverley Nichols, and taking an interest in even the most mundane of garden products. This is the onion bed at her delightful Vancouver Island home, "Lantern Lane," just outside of Victoria, and it was made, with the use of an old iron bedstead, in between the writing of chapters of "Clearing in the West," her most recently published book.

Even the McClung onions may have a distinct literary flavor.

open conflict with the authorities! Kalla the poacher; Kalla the unfriendly neighbor, was a murderer.

Major Janska braced himself. Accompanied by Corporal Gritz and two men as a bodyguard, he went slowly, almost cautiously, up the front path, placing his feet with great deliberation and expecting at any instant to throw himself flat to the ground.

A gendarme raised his carbine and pounded on the house door with the butt. There was a long, expectant silence, during which the villagers, who were peering around corners and from behind trees, all but perished with suspense.

"Open, before we break in!" demanded the major.

After a breathless wait the door began to swing back slowly, inch by inch. The gendarmes raised their rifles to guard against possible surprise.

Then a little girl appeared, black-haired, with large, frightened black eyes.

"Where's your father?" demanded Gritz harshly.

"I don't know," stammered the child.

"Is he at home?"

"He went away early this morning."

"Did he tell you to say that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Skandal!" the villagers murmured. "They have sent the baby to the door."

"Search the house!" Janska commanded his gendarmes, and the uniformed men took up their duties.

To either side of the broad-tiled hall, low white-plastered rooms opened off, with floors of scrubbed wood and a conglomeration of old furniture, beds, wardrobes, bureaus, flung together as household goods. The kitchen stove was cold; the house was still and empty.

In the laundry shed they found the woman, Marie Kalla, bent over her tubs, working with her powerful arms, a big-boned, rather sweet-faced woman, whose expression was one of hysterical anxiety and fear.

"Where's your husband?" Gritz demanded.

"He's not here," she answered defiantly.

"You might as well tell us where he is, because we'll look until we find him. Come out of there, now."

Boots tramped over the bare floors as the men searched the house, looking under beds, behind furniture, into wardrobes, and through the attic.

It appeared as though Josef Kalla had actually taken refuge in flight. Janska was inclined at length to give up the search, though Gritz doggedly continued prodding, scraping, sniffing, testing. In a deep hole dug out of the dirt floor of the laundry-kitchen—a hole over which stood a heavy

tun filled with water and wet clothing—he ferreted out his prey.

If ever a man looked the type murderer, it was Josef Kalla. He confronted his capturers with lowering defiance.

Here was the end. Twenty gendarmes, headed by Major Janska and Corporal Gritz, closed around Kalla, looking at him with cold and stony faces, ready to shoot him down like a mad dog if he made the slightest suspicious movement.

At bay, his head swung in a narrow circle of watchfulness, he waited surlily.

"What did you bury in your orchard yesterday?" demanded Gritz.

"Nothing," said the man.

"Get shovels!" The corporal assumed the direction of the detachment. Two uniformed men entered the barn and secured shovels and a mattock.

Gritz led his men toward the rear of the property.

In one corner of the orchard there was a small vegetable garden, and beside it was Kalla's strawberry patch, the one thing to which he would set his hand in manual labor. It was notorious in the village that he, who neglected everything else, would spend patient hours cultivating this patch, and that he grew magnificent berries, large and juicy. He had been working on them recently; the young plants, with green fruit forming, stood up in the loosened, freshly weeded soil.

Gritz, striding to the edge of the patch, pointed downward with authoritative sureness.

"Dig there!" he said shortly, and the gendarmes set their spades into the soft yielding ground.

There was a tense, pulsating stillness while the tools pressed into the earth. With reckless disregard of the bearing plants, the soil was flung into a brown heap; the hole grew larger rapidly.

Five minutes. Ten minutes—the ring of bystanders craned necks and stared at each tossed shovelful; the sound of mumbling voices mixed with the scraping rasp of digging; the sun beat down and the laboring gendarmes perspired freely.

"Look out!" One of the shovels struck something. A root? A yielding object.

In the pit the gendarmes were brushing the earth aside with careful hands.

"Let me loose!" shouted Kalla suddenly.

"You can't hang a man for shooting a deer."

His wife was sobbing bitterly beside him.

The dirt-crusted, stiffened carcass of a buck came to view, hoisted up to the light of day, its slender legs still bound together as it had been carried home out of the forest, and the villagers relaxed into disappointment.

A deer, was it! It wasn't the first deer that had been shot in Katerinka wood. One

Chatelaine's Baby Clinic



A BABY'S SIGNS OF SICKNESS

by J. W. S. McCullough, M.D.

IF A BABY develops any of the following signs he should be put to bed, his temperature taken, and the doctor called.

Fever. If the baby's face is flushed or his skin is hot to the touch—the whole body, not merely the hands or feet—he may have fever and his temperature should be taken.

Irritability or drowsiness. If a baby shows unusual restlessness, is irritable and cries considerably, or if he is very drowsy and wants to be let alone, he may be ill.

Vomiting. Any sudden or unusual vomiting is a sign of illness. It may be the first sign of a contagious disease or upset of digestion. Mere spitting up of food is not vomiting.

Diarrhoea. A sudden increase in the number of stools, especially if they are loose and watery, is a sign of illness. This may mean the beginning of a digestive disturbance or an acute infection. Pus, blood, or a large amount of mucus in the stools is a sign of disease of the intestines.

Refusal of food. Sudden refusal of the ordinary food may be the first sign of illness. Pain in the throat may be the reason for this. Food should never be forced on a child.

Pain. If a baby cries and is restless and pulls his legs up over his abdomen he probably has pain in the belly. If he holds his arms or legs very still, he may have pain in them. The legs may be held in one position, and when the mother touches them the baby may cry. Pain in the ear may be shown by constant turning of the head from side to side or by pulling of the ear. Often it is difficult to say where the pain is.

Cold in head with fever. A running nose,

redness or discharge from the eyes, coughing or very rapid breathing is a sign of illness. It may be the beginning of a cold, a contagious disease such as measles or of some other severe infection. A cold is often a severe illness in a baby.

Hoarseness or croupy cough. Hoarseness in a baby calls for the doctor at once. It may be an early sign of diphtheria.

Rash with fever. Any rash of the baby's skin should be considered a sign of illness and the temperature should be taken.

Convulsions. Spasms, spells or twitching of face, arms or legs may be very early signs of illness in a baby.

What to do Before the Doctor Comes

Keep the baby quiet in bed in a cool room away from other children.

If there is vomiting or diarrhoea, stop all food.

Give boiled water frequently, every hour or so, unless the baby vomits persistently; in that case do not give water for two hours. If, at the end of that time, the doctor has not arrived, give one-half ounce of water every hour. Increase the amount if the vomiting has stopped.

Keep a written record of the baby's temperature, the number and character of the stools and vomiting spells.

Keep the stools for the doctor to see.

If the fever is 104 degrees or over, give a cold sponge bath.

If there is pain in the belly or distention, give a small enema of warm water, never a cathartic.

If a convulsion give a warm wet pack.

DR. McCULLOUGH'S QUESTION BOX

Question—My baby, 18 months old, my girl of four and I are all affected with worms. I have tried all sorts of remedies without other than temporary relief.—(Mrs.) K.H., Milton, N.S.

Answer—You do not say what kind of worms you have. I am assuming that they are threadworms which are like tiny white threads. They are due to infection with the eggs, and children especially reinfect themselves if the hands and nails are not kept away from the parts. So the sleeves of the nightdress should be tied over the hands at night, and the underclothes boiled every day.

Useful treatments are:

Injections daily of an ounce or so, using an ounce bulb syringe, of warm lime water.

Internally the best treatment is bismuth carbonate, 50 grains, three times a day for two successive days, in adults; 20 grains, three times a day for children of seven years,

or 15 grains three times a day for children of two years. A one per cent thymol ointment will prevent itching.

Question—My little boy, three years old, is nervous in company. Among strangers he is constantly rubbing his eyes or head, pushing back his hair and blinking. Otherwise he is well and thriving. Weighs 38 pounds.—(Mrs.) W.M.C., Winnipeg.

Answer—Keep the boy out of the company of strangers. Get him out of doors as much as possible, and keep him busy with toys and play. Make no reference to the habits in his presence. He will come all right.

Question—My baby boy is three months old. He is called by the doctors a colicky baby, and I am obliged to give him an enema three or four times a day, as he is very constipated.

I would be grateful if you could suggest



"He's so tiny and helpless..."

**I can't take chances
when he gets a cold"**

SHE'S sensible indeed—this young mother. When her child catches cold, she doesn't experiment with unproved remedies. She profits by the experience of millions of older mothers who—year after year—put their faith in Vicks VapoRub.

PROVED BY TWO GENERATIONS

Two generations of mothers have proved the virtue of the good Vicks formula in the little blue VapoRub jar. They have learned to depend on VapoRub—their family standby to help end colds more quickly.

There's good reason why mothers everywhere are so friendly to VapoRub. Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub attacks the cold direct—two ways at once: (1) By stimulation through the skin, like a poultice or plaster; (2) By inhalation of its penetrating medicated vapors, as these are released by body heat and breathed in direct to inflamed air-passages

Through the night, this combined vapor-poultice action soothes the membranes—loosens phlegm—eases difficult breathing—helps

break congestion. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

AVOIDS INTERNAL "DOSING"

And mothers prefer VapoRub not only because it is so effective, but also because this modern treatment is external—and safe. Its use avoids the risks of constant internal dosing, which so often upsets digestion and appetite, thus lowering body resistance just when it is most needed. VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child.

For Better Home-Control of Colds

Help your family to have fewer colds and shorter colds—by following Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This common-sense, medically sound Plan has been tested in extensive clinics—and further proved through everyday use in thousands of homes. Full details of the Plan come in each package of Vicks VapoRub.

VICKS VAPORUB

...BEST FOR
CHILDREN'S COLDS

...JUST AS GOOD
FOR ADULTS, TOO..

Treat A Child's Cough Quickly

Give Simple Remedy At Once To Prevent Serious Possibilities

THE young child's cough generally starts without warning . . . and often at night. Danger lies in neglect, for a cough is Nature's signal that congestion is present and may lead to more serious trouble.

So if there's a baby or young child in your home, you should keep a package of Baby's Own Tablets handy. Give them immediately the child begins to cough and continue the treatment according to the directions which come with every package.

These sweet little tablets—originated by an Ontario physician—help wonderfully in relieving the bronchial congestion and also aid in removing the congestion of toxic waste products from the lower bowel. They do this gently, for the tablets have a soothing effect and the result of the relieved congestion is that the way is cleared for the recuperative powers of the child's system to effect recovery. Baby's Own Tablets contain no opiates; and though they are a reliable remedy for the ills of childhood, they are harmless and therefore safe for even the most delicate baby.

Mothers in many countries have written letters of praise about Baby's Own Tablets and recently a Canadian mother living in Winona, Ontario, said:

"I have five healthy children and I have used Baby's Own Tablets for all of them. When I see a cold coming on, I start giving the tablets and in a day or so they are quite well again. I strongly recommend Baby's Own Tablets to my friends, as I think there is nothing better."

This and scores of similar letters are proof that Baby's Own Tablets are dependable. They are effective for colds, spasmodic croup, simple fevers, constipation, diarrhoea, upset stomach, teething troubles and minor ailments of childhood.

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists and recommended for children from infancy to 12 years of age.

For their birthday

TEXCRAFT has been welcomed as the ideal birthday gift, providing lasting interest to the young people. Ten big colored crayons enable any boy or girl to produce colored patterns on these outline sketches. Texcraft comes in a strong box, 16" x 12"; with a richly colored cover, altogether an excellent, educational, inexpensive birthday gift that is highly appreciated.

If your dealer cannot supply you enclose money order for \$1.15 and a Texcraft set will be mailed, post paid to any address in Canada.

Manufactured Exclusively for the British Empire by—

TEXCRAFT

481 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario



Chatelaine's Movie Guide

Shipmates Forever.—Another navy picture with Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell mingling the ideals of the naval academy with some typical singing and dancing. An entertaining family picture.

Two Sinners.—Perhaps you read it as a novel, "Two Black Sheep," by Warwick Deeping. A well-directed story of an English governess who falls in love with an ex-convict. Not recommended for children. Grown-ups and young people will enjoy it.

After the Dance.—The story of a nightclub dancer, wrongly jailed, who makes a break, falls in love with Nancy Carroll and, after a brilliant success as a masked dancer, must go back to jail while she waits for him. A mediocre picture. Not for children.

O'Shaughnessy's Boy.—A circus story that is crowded with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper sentimentality. Plenty of excitement and good entertainment for adults. Perhaps too emotionally tense for children.

Return of Peter Grimm.—The well-known stage-play adapted for the screen: the story of a man who returned after death to rectify the mistakes of life. Adults will enjoy it. Children won't understand it.

She Married Her Boss.—A delightful comedy of an important business man who marries his clever secretary in order to keep her with him. She teaches him a lesson. And herself too. A very skilful portrayal of

a problem child that will enchant you. First-class for adults. Not for children.

Without Regret.—Another crime melodrama, this time with a girl accounted guilty for a crime she did not commit. Adults who like crime pictures will enjoy it. Children—no.

Three Kids and a Queen.—There's a hard-hearted old woman—May Robson—and there are lovelorn, poverty-stricken children. The little children show the old woman the meaning of life. Pleasant stuff for the whole family.

This is the Life.—A child star runs away from the stage looking for a home. Amusing and interesting for adults and children, too.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.—A beautifully filmed presentation of Shakespeare's play by Max Reinhardt that should be a "must" picture. It will thrill the children and give real pleasure to their parents. One of the most important pictures of the year.

The Goose and the Gander.—Sophisticated farce of married life, with Kay Francis. Too mature for children.

The Crusades.—A mammoth production, in the typical DeMille manner, of the crusaders' struggle to capture Jerusalem. Beautifully produced as a lavish spectacle. Family entertainment. Perhaps too exciting for emotional children.

Hands Across the Table.—A light-hearted romantic comedy with Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray. About a cynical manicur-

ist and a poor playwright. A generally entertaining piece. Family.

Peter Ibbetson.—The celebrated love story by Du Maurier makes for better reading than movie fare. Rather a doubtful success. Ann Harding very beautiful and Gary Cooper very dolorous. Not recommended for children.

She Couldn't Take It.—An amusing melodrama of a gangster who is left in charge of wealthy ne'er-do-wells. Family.

The Melody Lingers On.—A weepy, sentimental affair of a mother who watches the development of her son as a tenor. Josephine Hutchinson is the long-suffering mother. If you like to remember how sad life can be you'll enjoy it. Not recommended.

I Found Stella Parish.—More sadness, this time with Kay Francis as the beautiful actress who, because of what has been, must put her child out of her life. She sinks and sinks in her profession, and all for love. Not recommended for children.

The Case of the Lucky Legs.—Good entertainment; fast and funny addition to the Perry Mason murders. Not for children.

The Three Musketeers.—A handsome production of the Dumas classic. Some may wonder why it has been done again. Others will find it full of humor, excitement and romance. Everyone will expect to see Douglas Fairbanks bounding into it at any moment. Instead, there's Paul Lukas, Maroni Olsen and Walter Abel.

Mister Hobo.—George Arliss in a pleasantly entertaining picture of a tramp who was able, through sheer bluff, to wreck a bank and build a romance for two young people. A good family picture.

So Red the Rose.—A beautifully filmed story of the collapse of the South after the Civil War. Romantic and very sad. You'll probably cry, even if the children won't.

Mutiny on the Bounty.—A rip-roaring drama of the high seas and the tropical isles. Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in a notably fine picture. First-class entertainment for adults. Too exciting for the youngsters, but probably impossible to keep them away.

Barbary Coast.—Miriam Hopkins in a lively and entertaining piece about San Francisco in the early days. Lots of excitement and good character parts by Edward Robinson and Joel McCrea. Not recommended for children.

I Live My Life.—Joan Crawford in an amusing farce about a beautiful heiress who falls in love with a man who'd rather dig up ruins than run a big business. Too adult for children.

Captain Blood.—The thrilling Sabatini romance screened with gusto. Tells of the adventurous career of Peter Blood transported to West Indies in the 17th Century as a white slave. Escapes to become a pirate chief. Fine family entertainment. Not for emotional children who might not like some of the pirate scenes.

Dangerous.—A new plot twist in a romantic drama for adults. How a once-famous actress, sunk to a miserable life, falls in love with the man who rescues her and puts her in a new show. But she is already married, and in a dramatic sequence starts over again with her husband. Not for children.

Freshman Love.—General young love story set in a collegiate with the struggle against sports commercialism forming the dramatic interest. A general family picture.

Ceiling Zero.—Based on the Broadway stage success—a story of flying and the trio of war aces who turn to commercial aviation. Family.

How to Draw Funny Pictures

by JACK McLAREN

Lesson Four

FOR ALL ACTION, SUCH AS SUGGESTED IN THIS LESSON, USE THIS SIMPLE METHOD TO BUILD UP THE FIGURE. YOU WILL BE AMAZED HOW MUCH MOVEMENT YOU CAN GET INTO YOUR DRAWINGS.



Housekeeping

HAPPY NEW YEAR HOSTESS

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

WINTER in this country has its own charms, nudists and a few thin-blooded people to the contrary. For one thing, it's a sociable season; it gathers groups of good companions round somebody's home fire instead of scattering them hither and yon, as summer has a way of doing.

It's cold—but who cares? Regardless of snowstorms and swashbuckling winds, the weather indoors is fair and warm. And the long evenings are all too short for the friends we want to see and the entertaining we want to do. Here and now, every woman can think of a dozen reasons for having a party—all kinds of them in their turn, from swish, top-hat affairs to the come-as-you-are, go-as-you-please variety, which may have its centre in the living room, the kitchen, or all over the house.

Everybody is collecting smart menu ideas, new recipes, good food, and the latest equipment for dealing with it; for a new dish or a new service is as interesting as a new hat to a woman. And everybody is inviting all the nice people they know to meet at the table or over the waffle iron.

There's no place like home; it's the fashion these days and the perfect background for modern party giving.

Bridge Party

IF YOU want to score a social success, here's the system for you. Bid your friends to a bridge party, plan the affair to suit your circumstances and deal out delicious refreshments as your trump card. No one will pass up your invitation, and no hostess who carries through the party with finesse will be vulnerable to slams of any kind. For bridge is the ace of entertainments from all points of view.

Have a foursome, double or redouble according to the size of your room, the number of people you owe or the friends you'd like to have. Bridge parties, like the game itself, have their own conventions. The first rule is to allow elbow room for all the guests and the next to provide decent light, so adjusted that no one need squint or face a glare across the table. It will be good news to all fans that the newest bridge lamp is specially designed to spread

[Continued on page 50]



FOR SEVERAL TABLES

Assorted Sandwiches
Cheese and Salted Almonds; Minced Chicken
and Celery; Tuna Fish and Capers; Apricot Pulp,
Cream Cheese and Chopped Pecans.
Olives Gherkins
Ice Cream in Cream Puff Shells
Small Cakes Tea or Coffee

MENUS FOR MIXED BRIDGE

Creamed Ham and Oysters in Patty Cases
Celery Curls Ripe Olives
Bread Sticks
Cocoanut Layer Cake
Pineapple Filling and Frosting
Salted Nuts Stuffed Dates
Tea or Coffee

Open Toasted Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches
Dill Pickles Pickled Onions
Chocolate Volcanos
or
Square of Chocolate Cake, Scoop of Coffee
Ice Cream and Marshmallow Sauce
Tea or Coffee

something that will help him.—(Mrs.) J.S., Winnipeg.

Answer—The proper formula for three to four months is:

Milk—20 ounces.

Water—15 ounces.

Granulated white sugar—1½ ounces. (3 level tablespoonfuls).

Boil for three minutes and give in seven feedings at three-hour intervals. Also cod liver oil, one teaspoonful at beginning of each of four feedings. Orange juice or tomato juice, one-half ounce with equal water at 11 a.m. or 5 p.m.

Use the enema sparingly. An occasional dose of milk of magnesia will help to relieve the constipation.

* * *

Question—How should I cleanse my baby's eyes? If matter comes in his eyes what shall I do?—(Mrs. S.J.M., Port Colborne, Ont.

Answer—Use a piece of absorbent cotton or a piece of clean soft cotton cloth and wash out the eyes carefully with a lukewarm solution of salt—a teaspoonful to a pint. If pus or matter appears, cleanse the eyes with a solution of boracic acid (ten grains to the ounce of water). If the lids stick, apply a little vaseline from a tube at night. If the trouble is severe, call your doctor at once.

* * *

Question—My baby boy was born on August 27 last. Weighs 11¼ lbs. Although his stools are very loose he cannot pass them without an enema. How and when shall I give him bottle feeding? How can I increase the milk supply? Would you advise weaning? Please advise as to times of bathing, sleeping, the use of orange juice and cereal.—(Mrs.) H. W., Winnipeg, Man.

Answer—Don't think of weaning your baby. The more you use the nurse the more you will have. Use good food, and I think you will have plenty if you allow the baby to empty the breasts each time. For the difficulty with the movements train the child in regular habits. Place him on the toilet each morning after breakfast, or support him with your arm over the vessel and teach him to do these things for himself. Bathe each morning. Put him in his cot for sleeping and leave him alone. Orange juice may be begun between three and four months and cereal at six months.

* * *

Question—My boy, 2½ years old, has the habit of holding or touching his genital organs ever since he was a few months old. He also sucks his fingers. My other boy, 4½, is very nervous. He loves stories and learns poems. Should I teach him to read and write?—(Mrs.) L. W. L., Woolford, Alta.

Answer—Keep these boys so busy that they won't have time to practise the habits you mention. The less direct notice taken of them the better. As they get older, if kept employed they will forget them. By all means teach the boy. That will keep him occupied. Praise him when he does well. You seem a sensible woman. I am sure you will do well.

* * *

Question—I should like to know the right amount of orange juice and codliver oil to give a baby boy six months old, who is breast fed, and when to give cream of wheat and how to prepare it. What should be the correct weight for him?—(Mrs.) R. T., Lader, Sask.

Answer—Codd liver oil may be begun at one to two months and orange juice at three to four months. Cream of wheat or other cereal is begun at six months. One quarter of a cupful to one cup of water with a pinch of salt. Put the water in the upper part of the double boiler, and when boiling add the cereal slowly and stir. Boil for three to five

minutes. Then place over the lower part of the double boiler, which should be half full of hot water, and continue cooking there for one to three hours. Double the quantity if you give more than one feed of the cereal. Give at 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. A six months boy should weigh sixteen lbs.

* * *

Question—My twin girls were born prematurely on October 8 last. They both lost weight and now weigh 2 lbs. 14 oz. The nurse called my attention to a soft spot at the back of the head. Will this close? The babies have not been bathed yet. They are rubbed with olive oil and are fed breast milk from a bottle. Have they a good chance to live?—(Mrs.) T. P., Smooth Rock Falls, Ont

Answer—It must be remembered that these babies are not up to full term until

December 11, so the bony growth is not up to normal. I have never heard of a case where the fontanel failed to close, and I think you need not worry about that. The life of the twins depends on the care they get. Stick to breast milk, and if you are short in that direction get your doctor to appeal to the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto to help you out. Keep visitors out.

* * *

Question—My son, born on December 12, 1934, suffers severely from constipation. I have used enemas and various laxatives. He has been nursed but is now on milk, water and sugar. His buttocks and neighboring parts are badly scalded. What do you advise? Has nursing during menstruation any ill effect on a baby?—(Mrs.) A. L., Rose Valley, Sask.

Answer—I congratulate you on your fine descriptive letter of your boy's condition. I should like to reproduce it in *Chatelaine* if space allowed. Put the boy on:

Diet 10 to 12 months.

6 a.m., 8 ounces of milk.

9 a.m., 1 ounce of orange diluted with equal water.

10 a.m., 8 ounces of milk. 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls of cooked cereal. A rusk or Zweiback, and 1 teaspoonful of codliver oil.

2 p.m., 1 to 3 ounces of clear meat broth, or an equal amount of vegetable soup, and 4 to 6 ounces of milk.

6 p.m., 8 ounces of milk. 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls of cooked cereal. Raw, soft or hard-boiled egg.

10 to 12 p.m., 8 ounces of milk if hungry.

At the twelfth to thirteenth month begin the use of salads and vegetables such as spinach, string beans, tomatoes and cauliflower. These have a laxative effect. Raw and cooked fruits may be used for dessert. Give him pulp of orange and raw apple. Malted milk may be substituted—6 teaspoonfuls in 8 ounces of milk—for the plain milk. Bran muffins are of value. Put him on the toilet regularly. Milk of magnesia is the safest laxative. The scalding is due to ammoniacal diapers. Clean the parts with olive oil, using a piece of absorbent cotton, instead of water, and dust well with talcum powder. Give the child ¼ of a teaspoonful of baking soda for a few days. This will remove the ammonia salts in the urine. Wash and dry the napkins thoroughly and then place them in a solution of two heaping teaspoonfuls of boracic acid in one quart of boiling water. Wring out and allow to dry. The boracic acid left in the napkins tends to neutralize the ammonia if any is left.

Tell me how you get on. Do not nurse during menstruation.

* * *

Question—My baby girl, 21 months old, has been fed on scalded milk. How long shall I do this? She is constipated and my husband thinks this is the cause. Please advise.—(Mrs.) P. de G., Winnipeg, Man.

Answer—Scalded milk will not cause constipation. It is more digestible than raw milk. If you can get pasteurized milk you will not need to scald it. Get her into regular toilet habits every morning and use a little milk of magnesia if necessary.

* * *

Question—My boy, 9 months old, is thriving. He weighs 21 lbs, but has hard, dry stools with traces of blood. He was nursed for 8½ months and is now on whole milk, one teaspoonful of corn syrup and lime water with oatmeal or other cereal at 10 p.m. Please advise.—(Mrs.) N. F. H., E. Kildonan, Winnipeg, Man.

Answer—Your boy lacks the necessary fluid in his food. Give him plenty of water and the following:

At 9 to 10 months gradually change to whole milk with no added sugar. A soft-boiled egg should be given at the 2 p.m. feeding and also a dried crust, Zweiback or Sun-wheat.

6 a.m., 8 ounces of milk.

9 a.m., 1 ounce of orange juice diluted with equal water.

10 a.m., 8 ounces of milk. One to two rounded tablespoonfuls of cooked cereal, a piece of rusk or Zweiback and one teaspoonful of codliver oil.

2 p.m., 6 to 8 ounces of milk. Raw, soft or hard-boiled egg and one teaspoonful of codliver oil.

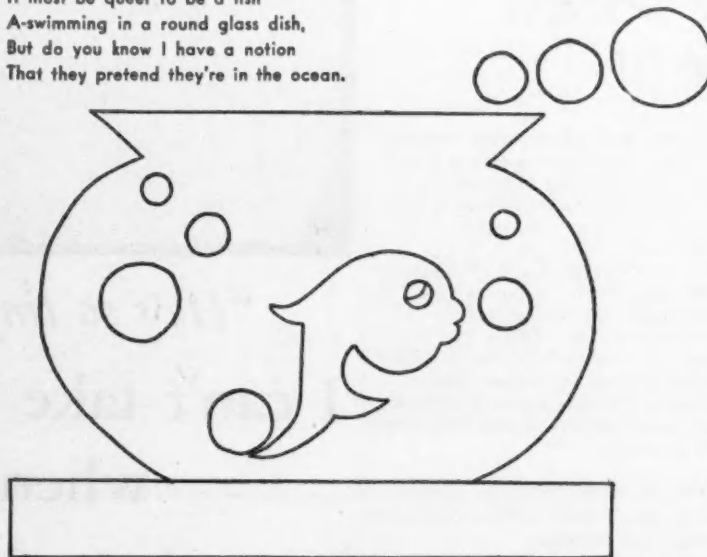
6 p.m., 8 ounces of milk, one to two rounded tablespoonfuls of cooked cereal and one teaspoonful of codliver oil.

10 to 12 p.m., 8 ounces of milk if hungry.

Vegetables in the form of soup may be begun at ten months.

Put him on the toilet at a regular time each morning and insist that, while you do most other things for him, that is his job.

It must be queer to be a fish
A-swimming in a round glass dish,
But do you know I have a notion
That they pretend they're in the ocean.



KINDERGARTEN PICTURES

To build or to color :: by JEAN BROWN

Dear Children:

Here is some real fun for you this month.

This picture of the goldfish bowl is to be built up with colored papers. A number of these funny little pictures are going to appear, so get your materials ready and start on this one.

A package of assorted colored papers, 9 x 12 inches, scissors, paste and a pencil are all that you will need to work with.

If you make all the pictures on a 9 x 12-inch sheet and save them when you have finished the set you may make them into a book of your very own.

First, take a piece of carbon paper or else just scribble on the back of the picture with a soft pencil until you have a solid-looking black. Rub this scribbled area with a rag or a piece of paper. This will have much the same effect as carbon paper. Now you are all set to trace the different objects on to your colored papers.

Draw around the outline of each object on the color named.

Goldfish Bowl

Goldfish

Big Bubble

3 other bubbles

2 other bubbles

Stand for Bowl

Blue

Red-Orange

Green

Yellow

Red-Orange and

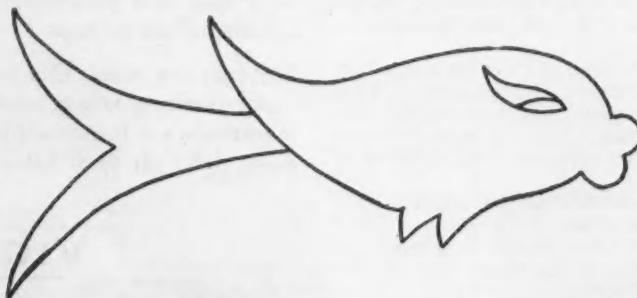
Green

Green

When this is done cut a piece of mauve paper just big enough to paste the bowl and stand on and stick them down. Now arrange your Goldfish and bubbles as they are in the picture and paste the whole thing in the top left-hand corner of a black sheet of 9 x 12-inch paper.

Way down at the bottom of this black paper paste your big Goldfish. His head is Red-Orange and his tail and eye are Green.

If you are too little to trace your own pictures perhaps mummy or big sister will help you. If you are even too little to cut out, just take your crayons and make a nice neat job of coloring it.





HOSPITAL DIETITIAN SHARES SECRET

...tells her sure way to make
light, flaky Biscuits

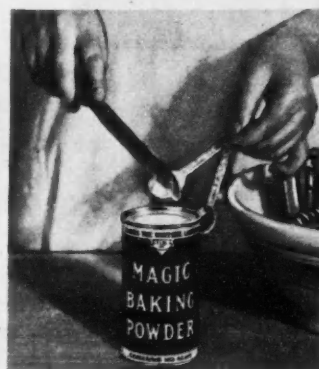
*"Don't risk failures with inferior baking powder. Use
MAGIC and you can always depend on good results—"*
says Miss M. McFarlane of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

**WHEN YOU BAKE
AT HOME—Use
Miss McFarlane's recipe**
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons MAGIC
BAKING POWDER
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon lard
¾ cup cold milk
(or half milk
and half water)

**THIS
IS
HOW
SHE
MAKES
IT**



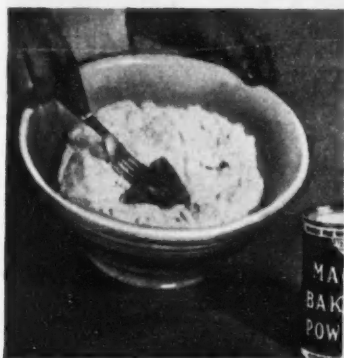
1. Sift the flour once, then measure and put it into flour sifter which has been placed in an empty bowl.



2. Measure MAGIC BAKING POWDER and salt, add to flour. (Canada's leading cookery experts specify MAGIC—it gives superior results.)



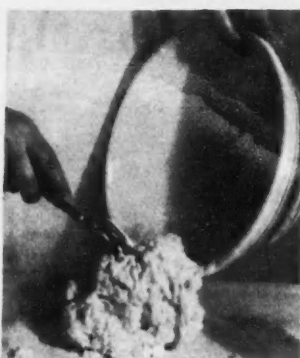
3. Sift all the dry ingredients: that is, the flour, MAGIC BAKING POWDER and salt into a bowl.



4. Measure the shortening, and add to the dry ingredients. Using steel fork, mix shortening lightly and thoroughly with dry ingredients.



5. Measure milk, and add slowly to the sifted dry ingredients to make soft dough. Mix lightly with fork.



6. Turn dough out on slightly floured board and toss lightly until outside looks smooth.



7. Pat dough lightly with hands to about ½ inch thick, or roll out very lightly with floured rolling pin.



8. Cut with biscuit cutter dipped in flour. Place on greased pan, far apart for a crusty biscuit, close together for a thicker, softer biscuit.



9. Bake in hot oven at 475° F., about 12 to 15 minutes, or until the biscuits are nicely browned on top and bottom. (See Magic Cook Book, pages 1 and 2, for other good biscuit recipes.)



10. Here they are—biscuits, light, tender and flaky. Always—for best results, use MAGIC BAKING POWDER whenever you bake at home—then you are sure of perfect leavening!

IT TAKES LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH OF MAGIC for biscuits like these

Magic is not only the finest quality baking powder—it assures the most economical baking. This famous baking powder gives full leavening power every time . . . helps prevent baking failures, waste of time and good materials. Yet—it actually costs you less than 1¢ per baking! Get a tin of dependable Magic today.



SEND COUPON FOR FREE MAGIC COOK BOOK

Gillett Products, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2

Please send me free copy of the Magic Cook Book.

Name _____

Address _____

CONTAINS NO ALUM—This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

MADE IN CANADA



DO FOLKS LIKE TO COME TO YOUR HOUSE?

THEY WILL . . . IF YOU KNOW THE SECRETS OF
GIVING ALL KINDS OF LATE, INFORMAL SUPPERS

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director Chatelaine Institute

A PARTY after the show, concert, hockey match or lecture is a favorite among the young married set—and most others. You see gay groups of them everywhere dressed in their best, in sporting togs or ordinary day clothes, all having a grand time.

Good talk and good food are the two things you need to make everybody glad they came to your house. And as there is never any trouble to get the conversation going or keep it sprightly, the "eats" is the only thing you have to think of, either by way of preliminary preparation or having your cupboard well stocked with the making of a last-minute snack.

If, as often happens, it is an impromptu gathering of people you chance to meet, and brought home with you, give them aprons as far as they will go; let them raid your shelves and refrigerator for ready-to-serve and easily tossed together foods—for cheese to spread or to cut in man-sized pieces, bread to toast and butter, sandwich pastes and relishes in jars and bottles, cubes for bouillon or flavoring something and canned goods to open and use any way they like. They'll reach for cans of soup, beans or spaghetti to heat, meat and fish to eat as they are, if you are all ravenous; or, to fix up some way if the waiting isn't too hard on everyone, eggs for an omelet, or fried egg sandwiches, eardines to grill and serve on toast, prepared flour to make waffles and syrup to go with them or bacon for the same purpose, vegetables or fruits for salads, jam, jelly, marmalade, peanut butter, sandwich pastes or cinnamon toast mixture to put on innumerable slices. Then, something to drink at the meal, and ginger ale or some other beverage to cater to immediate needs.

So, if they don't get enough to eat it is no fault of yours!

But they will, and they'll love it, and all you have to worry about is to get them home before morning.

If it is a planned, semi-formal affair, and the guests are invited a day or two beforehand, the menu should be settled and the meal well under way before the crowd arrives. Perhaps you will have a pass-around or, better still, a buffet supper—where the folks help themselves to the food and drink provided. Set the table with your smartest cloth, your best or gayest china and the necessary silver all bright and shiny. Have a centerpiece—or a side decoration if the table is pushed up against the wall—of fruit or flowers or a bowl of nuts in their jackets, a group of amusing pottery figures on a mirror plaque or some other attractive and original ornament. And, upstanding in their holders, tall candles to give a lovely light.

Arrange the dishes and appointments in logical sequence for easy self-service—and charming effect. Then there is no confusion, no food cooled off when it should be hot, and nothing tepid which is supposed to be icy.

As a rule, it is a good plan to serve one hot main dish—sausage rolls, individual meat pies, fish, flesh or fowl à la king or à la something else, spaghetti with savory additions, a very special version of something creamed, chop suey, Welsh rarebit, or another tasty dish easily managed in the eating with a fork.

Try this menu:

Oven-fried Oysters or Scallops	Potato Chips
Cole Slaw	Pickles
Gingerbread	Grapes

Or, you might reverse the idea and have a cold course, when your choice may be a pink ham baked whole and garnished, tongue in aspic, a platter of cold cuts or an assortment of sea foods, substantial salad, jellied meat loaf, a fish mold, devilled eggs, or another dish.

There must be, these days, a variety of suitable relishes to go with either the hot or the cold course. Often there is a salad with its own dressing, and always bread, rolls, biscuits, muffins or the like. It is nice to offer a choice here—white, brown, rye, corn, whole wheat, plain, nut, cheese, fruited, or any variation you prefer.

Dessert may be cheese and the crispest of biscuits, from one to half a dozen kinds of each, a sweet such as homemade or brick ice cream, a gorgeous cake, or an array of little ones, tartlets or whatever happens to be your specialty. And the popular beverage is fresh hot tea, or perked or dripped coffee. Or sometimes on a blustery night a big pot of hot cocoa or chocolate.

When folks come in evening dress or even if they don't, it is interesting to make your party an "occasion" and have your table and your menu as original and special as possible. The new appointments in the shops will give you decorative ideas, and the array of less usual foods on the grocers' shelves in tins, bottles and packages will be a spur to your ingenuity. In the fish line, for instance, there [Continued on page 50]



"TAKE MY TIP, DEAR, LEAVE THE SOUP TO HEINZ"

THE very special dinner had been planned down to the last detail, but one . . . the soup. "Happy thought," she said, "I'll phone Betty; she's an expert." Betty didn't hesitate. "That's easy, my dear," she said, "take my tip, leave the soup to Heinz." And she did.

Once there wasn't a long list of Heinz Soups to choose from. Hostess and housewife had a choice between spending hours making soups, or risking polite raisings of lady-guest eyebrows by serving an ordinary tinned soup. It's different now. Heinz Soups are so like the very best home-made kind that hostesses get compliments when they serve them.

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The 100-page "Heinz Book of Salads and Meat Recipes" just off the press, something entirely new in recipe books, will be sent for 25 cents or for 10 cents and labels from three tins of Heinz ready-to-serve Soups. H. J. Heinz Company, Toronto. (Canadian Plant established at Leamington, 1909.)

DOMESTIC
SCIENCE
DEPT.

SOME OF THE
57

Ready to Serve—

Cream of Tomato
Cream of Mushroom
Vegetable
Beef Broth
Chicken with Rice
Chicken with Noodles
Cream of Oyster
Cream of Celery
Cream of Asparagus
Cream of Green Pea
Bean Soup
Scotch Broth
Ox Tail
Cream of Spinach
Onion—"à la française"

HEINZ *homemade style* SOUPS



SURE-FIRE SUCCESSSES



AFTERNOON TEA

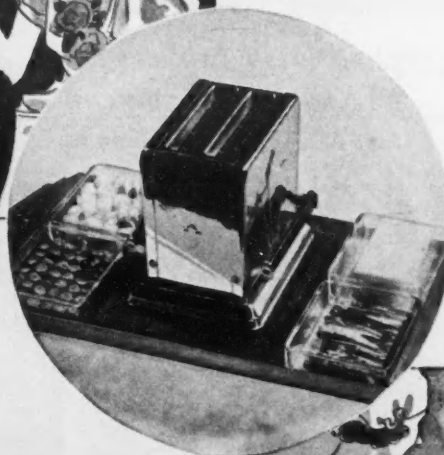
THE TEA'S the thing—tea and talk such as women love. Talk about the children, the season's styles, reducing, a new cake, or the latest smart serving dish, the cost of living, doing over the dining room, and all those nice homey things. Even tariffs and sanctions come in for a tiny share in the conversation.

Lovely linens, fine china and sparkling silver are all a part of this gracious hour and help make it the best beloved. Here is the place for daintiness—paper-thin slices of bread and butter, little cheese or tomato biscuits, tiny sandwiches, toast, plain or spread with a savory or a sweet, scones, bath buns, nuts and date bread, fig muffins, a Swedish tea ring, or rolls, split and buttered, sometimes toasted and spread with cream cheese and marmalade, are all suitable accompaniments to the cup that cheers. Or a box of delicate and crunchy assorted biscuits, plain, with cheese, celery or another flavor in the wafer itself or the filling. Little cakes later and a few mints, perhaps. And most important, good tea, fresh and hot with cream, lemon or amber clear, or with orange or spices, in the Russian manner.

Crumpets

Spice Wafers
Lemon Sponge Drops
Tea

Conserve



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HELEN G. CAMPBELL GIVES YOU
A CONCISE COURSE IN PARTY-
GIVING. . . MORE PLANS ARE
REVEALED ON PAGES 51, 52, 53

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER which everybody has now and then, and everybody loves at any time, is a planned meal, prepared ahead of time and served from five o'clock on. Have it a bit "different" if you can, as attractive as possible but not too blessed dainty. Let the guests linger over the eating of it to the tune of pleasant conversation and good laughing. Service should be unhurried and smooth—two courses with dishes one can handle in comfort when a fork is the only implement. Jellyed chicken loaf or individual molds has been done before and will be again because it is delicious. Cold meat is another good choice, it easily cut varieties are used—sliced fowl, ham and tongue in combination. With either of these, baked potatoes on the half shell, piping hot, homemade pickles or some kind you buy in bottles, and a plentiful supply of fresh baked bran gems or cornmeal muffins to pass and repass as often as there is "sale" for them. Coffee marshmallow cream* is a grand dessert, partyish and easily made to be served with plain ice-box cookies or coconut macaroons.

And here is another menu for you which has a hot dish, a crisp salad and a simple delicious dessert.

Crabmeat Soufflé or Baked Stuffed Eggs
Green or Raw Vegetable Salad Hot Biscuits
Square of Sponge or Angel Cake with Scoop of
Chocolate Ice Cream and Marshmallow Sauce

Still another menu is given in the illustration—Creamed lobster in fish shells garnished with mashed potatoes put through a pastry tube. Serve them hot accompanied by crisp celery, and all kinds of relishes.

The next suggestion is:

Cream of Mushroom or Oyster Soup
Crackers
Jellyed Cranberry Ring* with Chicken Salad
Buttered Brown Rolls or Scones
Assorted Cheese Jam or Conserve
Salted Nuts Candy
Tea, Ginger Ale or Fruit Punch



STAG PARTIES

Every man in the world, I think, would like to give a stag party once in a great while, and every wife or sister worth her salt will help him swing it. None of your mincing little parties, but a rollicking occasion, an affair of gusto, "belly laughs" and hearty appetites. Let the table groan with the weight of the food, real food with flavor and savor which means something to a man. A roast of beef or a huge ham—or both, one at each end; a plate of bread sliced to a decent thickness—if they are thin slices, he will call them wafers and divorce you; relishes with some pep to them—such things as mustard, chili sauce, horseradish, tangy pickles and sliced Bermuda onions. Then he can make his own sandwiches, open-face or double deckers of enormous size. A big dish of scalloped potatoes with a spoon sticking out, and a tray of assorted cheese—some with a nip to it—and twice as many crackers as you think they will need. Enough for everyone, you think? No, sir! Bake a thick fruit pie in your biggest plate or fill your tart tins with good pastry and mincemeat, apple or pumpkin. And put them on the table!

For the final wind-up, a great pot of coffee with rich cream or tea with not-so-rich—and they will vote you a great little woman, when you go out and leave them alone.

If you want an alternative, here it is, and good luck to you.

Iced Tomato Juice
Sausage Rolls or Hot Meat Pies
Dill Pickles Chili Sauce
Pickled Onions
Sauerkraut Salad
Fruit Gingerbread
Beverage



THIRTY-ONE MENUS FOR JANUARY



BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
17 Pineapple Juice Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Casserole of Oysters and Noodles Apricot Whip Cookies Tea Cocoa	Spinach Ring with Creamed Hard-cooked Eggs Buttered Carrots Parsley Potatoes Hot Mince Pie Coffee Tea
18 Baked Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Corn Chowder Crackers Jellied Cranberry Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Baked Sweet Potatoes Buttered Onions Baked Chocolate Pudding Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea
19 (Sunday) Orange Halves Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Potato Salad Jellied Horseradish Pumpkin Tarts Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Grilled Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Fruit Ice Cream Sponge Cake Coffee Tea
20 Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Creamed Cottage Roll and Peas on Toast Celery Hearts Canned Raspberries Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Brown Sauce Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
21 Cereal with Sliced Banana Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Frankfurters and Sauerkraut Brown Rolls Rice Molds with Syrup Tea Cocoa	Cream of Pea Soup Cold Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Braised Celery Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea
22 Stewed Prunes Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Grilled Sardines on Toast Head Lettuce Salad Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Browned Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Coffee Jelly Whip Coffee Tea
23 Orange Juice Cereal Scones Coffee Marmalade Tea	Corned Beef Hash Mustard Pickles Sliced Bananas with Cream Tea Cocoa	Corn Soup Cold Roast Pork Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Steamed Date Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
24 Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Bean Soup Crackers Prune and Orange Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Codfish Cakes Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Cole Slaw Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea
25 Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Toasted Rolls Coffee Honey Tea	Omelet with Creole Sauce Canned Blueberries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Browned Potatoes Carrots Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
26 (Sunday) Orange Juice with Lemon Cereal Grilled Ham Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Mushroom Soup Tuna-fish and Celery Salad Cream Puffs Tea Cocoa	Fried Chicken Mashed Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Cranberry Tart Pie Coffee Tea
27 Apples Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Hard Brown Rolls Stewed Figs (cook enough for Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Grilled Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes Creamed Turnips Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
28 Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Onion Soup Chopped Bacon and Peanut Butter Sandwich Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Diced Beets Baked Caramel Custard Coffee Tea
29 Grapefruit Juice Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Kidney Stew with Curry Pear, Cheese and Grape Salad Toasted Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Pot Roast Horseradish Baked Potatoes Parsnips Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
30 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Rice and Meat Croquettes Celery Sauce Baked Apple with Marshmallows Gingerbread (from Wednesday) Tea Cocoa	Breaded Pork Tenderloin Mashed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
31 Oranges Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Asparagus Soup Salmon Salad Stewed Apricots Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Haddock with Dressing Duchess Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Diced Fruits in Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.



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MEALS OF THE MONTH

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1 (New Year's Day) Chilled Pineapple Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Mushroom Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Hot Rolls Mince Tarts Tea Cocoa	Oyster Cocktail Roast Duck with Rice Dressing Duchess Potatoes Green Beans Harvard Beets Maraschino Ice Cream Small Cakes Coffee Tea
2 Orange Halves Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Baked Stuffed Onions (use left-over duck) Stewed Apples Fresh Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Grilled Steak Mashed Potatoes Floating Island Coffee Tea
3 Stewed Figs Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Coffee	Spanish Rice Celery Canned Plums Gingerbread (left over) Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Salmon Baked Potatoes Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
4 Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Vegetable Soup Sliced Bologna Lyonnaise Potatoes Mustard Pickles Stewed Figs (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Sliced Oranges and Bananas Wafers Coffee Tea
5 (Sunday) Half Grapefruit Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee	Fried Oysters with Lemon Brown Rolls Tomato Jelly Salad Baked Apples with Cream Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Bouillon Dressed Spare-ribs Browned Potatoes Spinach Grape Tapioca Coffee Tea
6 Cereal with Chopped Dates Bacon Coffee	Baked Beans Brown Bread Head Lettuce Salad Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Creamed Potatoes Chocolate Junket Coffee Tea
7 Raw Apples French Toast Syrup Coffee	Potato Soup Crackers Jellied Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
8 Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee	Creamed Sweetbreads on Toast Cranberry Whip Frosted Cakes Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Meat Pie Boiled Cabbage Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Tea
9 Sliced Bananas Cereal Scones Coffee	Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes Canned Peaches Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Ricad Potatoes Buttered Onions Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
10 Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee	Cream of Celery Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Breaded Oven-cooked Fillets of Haddock Tartar Sauce Mashed Potatoes Pineapple Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea
11 Stewed Prunes Bacon Toast Coffee	Sliced Canned Corned Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Homemade Pickle Apple Sauce Cookies Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew with Vegetable Dumplings Grated Raw Carrot and Onion Salad Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
12 (Sunday) Grapes Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Chicken Soup Croutons Apple Celery and Nut Salad Lemon Cream Cake Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill (lamb chops, sausages, kidneys, mushrooms) Scalloped Potatoes Jellied Prunes and Whipped Cream Ice Box Cookies Coffee Tea
13 Sliced Oranges Milk Toast Bran Muffins Coffee	Pork and Beans Lettuce Salad Fruit Cake (left over) Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
14 Cereal with Raisins Fresh Coffee Cake Apple Butter Coffee	Grilled Bacon Creamed Potatoes Pickles Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Ox-Tail Soup Boiled Smoked Fish Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
15 Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee	Welsh Rarebit Grapes Frosted Loaf Cake Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Green Beans Cherry Tapioca Coffee Tea
16 Stewed Apricots Bacon Toast Coffee	Chicken Curry with Rice Compote of Apples Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Pork Chops Potato au Gratin Brussels Sprouts Indian Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea

The Party Recipes

As described on page 46

Chocolate Volcanos

- 5 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Egg
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of cocoa
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of milk

Cream the shortening thoroughly, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is light. Add the egg and beat well. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the cocoa, baking powder and salt. Add these dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Mix well and turn into greased baking cups or deep muffin tins. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for twenty minutes. Cool, cut off the tops and remove part of the centre from each cake. Fill the cavity with sweetened and flavored whipped cream or with ice cream, replace the top and garnish with whipped cream. Over this pour melted, unsweetened chocolate. Or if desired, the filled cup cake may be served with a chocolate or marshmallow sauce.

Coffee Marshmallow Cream

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of marshmallows
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of hot, strong coffee
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream

Cut the marshmallows into eighths with the scissors. Pour the hot coffee over them and allow to cool. Chill and fold in the stiffly whipped cream. Pile lightly into serving glasses and if desired garnish with shaved toasted almonds.

Crabmeat Soufflé

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of paprika
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of scalded milk
- 1 Can of crabmeat
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of diced ripe olives
- 3 Egg yolks, well beaten
- 3 Egg whites, stiffly beaten

Melt the butter, add the flour, salt and paprika and cook until smooth and blended, stirring constantly. Add the hot milk gradually, while stirring constantly and cook until the mixture thickens. Cool slightly, add the flaked crabmeat, the diced ripe olives and the well-beaten egg yolks. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and turn the mixture into a buttered baking dish or individual buttered ramekins. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—325 to 350 degrees Fahr.—until firm (45 minutes to $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours). Serve at once with Hollandaise sauce.

Baked Stuffed Eggs

- 6 Hard-cooked eggs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of chopped mushrooms, raw or canned
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of evaporated milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of liquid (liquor from mushrooms plus water)
- 1 Cupful of evaporated milk
- 1 Bouillon cube
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper

Cut the hard-cooked eggs in halves, lengthwise, remove the yolks and mash. Cover the chopped mushrooms with one cupful of water and stew slowly for five minutes. Drain, reserving the liquid for the sauce. Add the mushrooms to the mashed egg yolks, season with the salt and pepper and moisten with the evaporated milk. Refill the egg whites with this mixture and arrange in a buttered baking dish. Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until thoroughly blended and smooth. Add the mushroom liquid gradually, cooking and stirring until the mixture is smooth and thick. Add the evaporated milk and the bouillon cube and stir until the cube is dissolved. Season with the salt and pepper and pour over the eggs in the baking dish. Cover the top with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—until the crumbs are browned and the mixture heated through.

Cranberry Jelly Ring

- 2 Cupfuls of cranberries
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of finely chopped apple
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of blanched, shaved almonds
- Lettuce
- Chicken salad

Wash and pick over the cranberries and cook in the boiling water until very soft. Force through a sieve, add the gelatine which has been softened for five minutes in the cold water and stir until dissolved. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved. When the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the apple and the almonds. Turn the mixture into a cold wet ring mold and chill until firm. Serve unmolded on lettuce with the centre filled with chicken salad. Additional mayonnaise may be served if desired.

Orange Juice and Milk Drink (Individual)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of orange juice
- 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of evaporated milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of ice water

Dissolve the sugar in the orange juice, chill thoroughly and pour slowly into the evaporated milk which has been diluted with the water. Shake well and serve.

Jellied Chicken Loaf

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of cold water
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Cupfuls of hot water or water and chicken broth
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Cupfuls of diced, cooked chicken
- 1 Small green pepper, finely chopped
- $\frac{1}{3}$ Cupful of chopped pimiento
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of grated onion

Soften the gelatine in the cold water, add the hot liquid and stir until dissolved. Cool. Add the vinegar and seasonings and when the mixture is beginning to stiffen, add the chicken, green pepper, pimiento and onion. Turn into a cold, wet loaf pan or other mold, the bottom and sides of which have been decorated with sliced hard-cooked egg white, if desired. Chill until firm and serve unmolded, garnished with watercress and radish roses.

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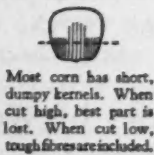
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Happy New Year Hostess

(Continued from page 43)

diffused but ample light, kind to "hands" and to eyes.

Upstanding and steady tables are necessary for an enjoyable game. They are available with permanent "non skid" tops, but if covers are used they should be of suitable material and held securely in place. Furnish each table with two decks of cards dissimilar enough to be easily distinguished, a score pad—two or more if it's contract—well-sharpened pencils, a system of counting, and ashtrays for the smokers. Comfortable chairs are luxuries your guests will appreciate.

The game's the thing, so turn down or turn off the radio, until a later season when the programme will be welcomed. You can eat to music—with more pleasure.

Most players these days are keen contract fans, but there are still many who prefer auction to anything else. If among your guests you have the two schools of thought, it is a good plan to divide them up according to choice and give a prize to each group. Or reserve one table for the less popular. Whatever you do, give clear instructions about the hands or rubbers to be played before

Do Folks Like to Come to Your House

(Continued from page 44)

are crab, lobster, shrimp, oysters, clams and tuna, besides the well-known salmon and sardines. The list of "novelty" meat products is even longer, while as for very special relishes and appetizers—if placed end to end, they would reach from here to I don't know where. (You know the statistician's way of saying that the number is enormous.) There are pickled walnuts, capers, black olives and green ones with different stuffing, cucumber and watermelon rings, anchovy fillets and pastes, caviar, rare and grand sauces, and so on. Only a few here and there know half the varieties of cheese, for they are legion, with a different taste in every one.

Dessert and dessert accompaniments, sandwich fillings and salad ingredients, flavorings and colorings, all have their "extra" gathered from everywhere to make your party the talk of the town.

Impromptu Parties

THEN THERE is the party when the gang drops in after whatever they have been up to—seeing the latest movie, skating, skiing, tobogganing, or doing nothing in particular besides planning a get-together. Or the one made up of intimates of any or every age, when you have felt a surge of hospitality and telephoned a few friends to "come on over"—and which is likely to be the most fun of all.

Send the young fry to the kitchen to try their hands with the can opener and a frying pan. They'll get along and probably teach you a trick or two in producing strange but scrumptious concoctions. And there won't be a twinge of dyspepsia among them! Maybe the kitchen will be topsyturvy afterward, but you are not the kind who cares, when everybody has had a good time.

Do the same with your own crowd, if you like, for kitchen parties are smart, merry and easy, and no one goes home hungry.

changing partners, whether the winners progress or the players pivot, and how the counting should be done. Just to save a lot of talk and discussion later.

Even the most ardent players can take time between hands to nibble a few sweets or sip from a frosty glass—ginger ale, grape juice or a mixture of the two, fruit punch or any of the "ades." But avoid sticky candies like the plague when you are filling the little dishes—two for each table; and don't plunk down the drinks in front of everybody right in the middle of a round. Pass a choice of cigarettes or set a box on each table and let the smokers help themselves.

Refreshments proper depend on the time of day—afternoon or evening; whether it's a mixed party or ladies only, and the amount of help in serving. The informal foursome will probably be perfectly content with a plain fruit salad with fluffy dressing and cheese straws or packaged cheese wafers to go with it. Or if it's a jellied salad, tiny hot biscuits are a good accompaniment. Either might be followed by squares of pound cake which you have on hand, or some dainty trifle—sponge drops, macaroons or cookies—and a cup of tea or coffee. Another alternative is a tray of assorted cheese, crisp crackers and a variety of relishes or a bit of dried, candied or fresh fruit—a meal in one!

For larger parties we suggest the following menus—more elaborate but not too hard for a lone hand to manage with that gracious ease which marks the successful hostess. And if I'm not mistaken, your guests will vote the refreshments the best prize of the party.

Or, if you have one of the new smart trays equipped with toaster and little glass dishes to hold a choice of spreads and finger foods, get it ready and bring it to the living room for supper round the fire. It will look after the whole meal for you, though you may need refills and there is no rule against dessert appearing later, or no law which says you cannot top off with a few chocolates, salted peanuts, a bit of preserved ginger, candied fruit, dates, figs, or some of your homemade chocolate fudge or molasses toffee.

It all boils down to this: preparedness for parties is a matter of supplies in your cupboard, equipment in your kitchen and ideas in your head. Then you are always ready for impromptu get-togethers, or for the folks who drop in, as they will do, without advance notice. Give them something hearty, tasty, the best of its kind, for delicate appetites went out with fainting, years ago. It's hungry work, this going places and doing things. And your name will be handed down to your friends' children if in a minute or two you can dash off a Tuna Swizzle, or a Blushing Bunny—a fancy name for the good old Welsh rarebit—and serve it with sweet mixed pickles or chutney. Bring out a jar of jam which you have bought or made from a prized recipe and have plain crisp biscuits to go with it. Then, to sip, a cup of hot cocoa or a tall glass of ginger ale.

Tuna Swizzle

- 1 Can of tuna fish
- 2 Eggs
- 3 to 4 Tablespoonfuls of Chili sauce
- Salt and pepper to taste.
- About two tablespoonfuls of butter

Flake the fish, beat the eggs and combine the two. Add the Chili sauce and salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter in a frying pan, add the fish mixture and cook covered until the underside is lightly browned. Serve at once on toast.

Blushing Bunny

- 1 Can of tomato soup (undiluted)
- ½ Pound of Cheddar cheese, grated
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 Egg whites
- Toast or crackers

Heat the soup and the cheese and stir until it melts. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.



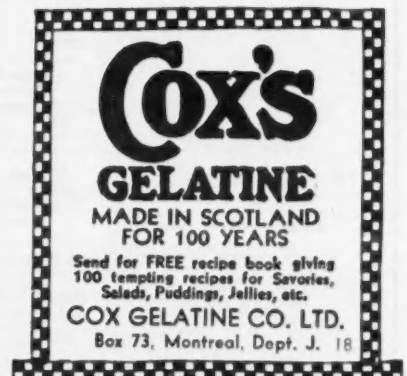
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A CHILD'S PARTY

WHEN WE are six or thereabouts, a party is a glamorous thing. There's the thrill of pink ice cream, a cake with candles, and funny faces on the cookies, of games and paper streamers and no sitting still. We never quite lose the memory of it.

Give the youngsters a bit of fun—yours and half-a-dozen others in the neighborhood. Plan the party—amusements and menu according to their ages, and have it at a time of day which won't upset the regularity of their meals and sleep. If they are very young it is a good idea to write the invitation to the child's mother: "Can Johnny come to Billy's Party (or Mary to Sue's) on (date) at (hour)?" This menu will be served at 5.30 to 6.00 o'clock:

Creamed Peas and Diced Bacon
on Toast Points
Stuffed Baked Potatoes
Celery Hearts
Orange Jelly in Orange Cups
Cookies
Chocolate Milk

For mothers have qualms about their kiddies' tummies and don't want them kept up past their bedtime hour.

Have the table colorful, gay but simple. Perhaps you'll use a decorated paper cloth

or lacy paper doilies, have a centrepiece fashioned of Cellophane or crêpe paper and little inexpensive favors at each place. Plain food is the rule, easy to eat and with edible garnish. There might be sandwiches with any of these fillings: Chopped egg or chicken, peanut butter and jelly, chopped prunes and finely ground nuts moistened with honey and lemon juice. Or cress rolls. Then chocolate ice cream and sponge cake to go with it; and to drink, fruit juice or a mixture of milk and grape juice or milk and orange.* As a special treat, candy in the form of sponge toffee, plain divinity, sugar sticks or squares broken off from a milk chocolate bar.

A circus party is great fun—an inch-high tray or baking pan filled with sand and on it a group of little animals from the "Five and Ten" under a Big Top. (A tiny child's umbrella would do.) Brightly colored pennants cut from paper on the tent ropes, paper ribbons to each place, and for favors the horseback lady made with a marshmallow head—eyes, nose and mouth drawn in by a toothpick dipped in melted chocolate. The body is a stand of wire—Dad's pipe cleaners, bent at the bottom to let the figure stand upright; and the dress is a very frilly frill of crêpe paper with, maybe, stars and spangles.

Older children would enjoy it just as well—and so will you.

Tested and Approved by
The Chatelaine Institute
as presented in
Chatelaine Magazine



A heart-shaped cake delights the youngsters; use one for a centrepiece.

The Settling of Lorna

(Continued from page 13)

O'Foyle, and the humiliation of that meeting! Try as she might, that scene would persistently return. Her cheeks grew hot at the mere remembrance, and more than one lad that evening decided that old Greer's niece was a mighty pretty girl. That sort of red-gold hair was becoming with a touch of color, and she had a fine, bright eye. Perhaps after all, if a fellow was careful, she'd come around to sociability in time.

Inexperienced! It came back more forcibly as she closed the store that night, and Rolf Peters, who was a great, sandy-haired giant, lumbered out of the shadows, and suggested bashfully enough that it was sure a fine night, and if she'd like a bit of company home, he'd be glad enough to step along.

She paused, on the verge of prompt refusal—and suddenly was aware that on a bench just opposite were two dark figures, and a low voice, already familiar, was talking steadily and easily. As she hesitated, there

was an unexpected giggle, and the voice abruptly ceased. Out of that silence, Lorna's own voice rose clearly.

"Why, thank you so much, Mr. Peters—that would be kind." And Mr. Peters, after a very surprised moment, hastened to seize her arm and propel her firmly down the wharf, before she might decide to change her mind.

"YOU KNOW . . ." Lorna was all at once aware, in a quiet moment next day, of a slim, blue-jerseyed figure just across the counter. "It's not my business I admit—but I might advise you, in all kindness and sincerity, that there are better men to pick around this place, than Rolf Peters."

"Oh." And found that today she could look at him with complete scorn. "You wouldn't be putting yourself in that class, I hope."

"I might be," evenly. "But that's beside the point. Just take it as a friendly note of warning. You're a nice child, and I've an idea you might not like your friends too rough."

The slightly superior admonition in his tone was almost unbearable. "Or smooth and silky, either," she shot back angrily. But he merely smiled, and walked by.

But for all that, she did have occasion to remember in a panic-stricken moment, something that he had said—"You might

[Continued on page 55]



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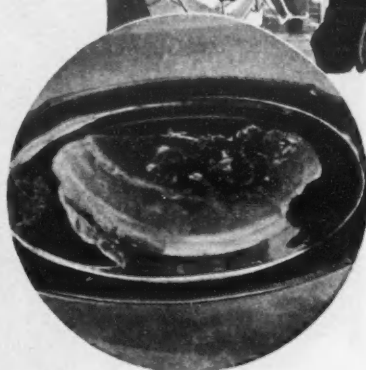
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THREE PARTIES FOR 1936

A CHILDREN'S FROLIC — "BRUNCH"

— AND A CELLAR SUPPER



BRUNCH

ASK THEM all—your very best friends—to Brunch some holiday morning. It's a hybrid meal as the name implies—the *br* for breakfast and the *unch* for lunch. Begin any time up to high noon, for it's a movable feast and has no limit of either time or "eats" besides your own pleasure. It's the bachelor girls and boys favorite form of entertaining, but by no means belongs entirely to the two-by-four apartment.

Set your table in the dining nook, the living room, beside the fire, or in a corner of the kitchen, and use your gayest of everything for the purpose, to greet the day cheerily. Start with fruit, whole, diced or juice, fresh, canned or dried. With plain tomato juice—the cocktail is for the other meals—sauerkraut juice or apple sauce. Then after a choice of cereal, make waffles at the table or pancakes at the stove, butter and pour over them a stream of maple syrup, honey or a sauce with maple or lemon flavor. Or serve them with bacon, creamed chicken or creamed chipped beef.

If your omelets have a reputation, have one all round with any one of a dozen things hidden between the fold or cooked right in it—mushrooms, cheese, tomatoes, diced ham, minced pepper, sliced onions, jam, jelly, marmalade, to start the list of possibilities. Have eggs either poached, boiled, scrambled, baked or fried with bacon or frizzled ham. Or sausage, kippers, kidney or fried tripe, creamed codfish or fish fillets. And if whatever you have is better with its appropriate sauce, don't forget that.

Leave a spot on the table for the toaster, if you haven't been up making bran muffins, corn gems or coffee cake. Put little pots of marmalade, honey, jam or preserved figs within easy reach of everybody, and have "simply stacks" of coffee perking merrily. Or tea for those who like it then.

And when everyone has eaten more than they thought they could, there will be talk and chit-chat to savor your party as salt does food—and the first thing you know it's tea time.

Chilled Grapefruit with Honey
Creamed Eggs on Broiled Ham Slices
Toasted Rolls Currant Jelly
Coffee or Tea

Chilled Prune Juice
Hot Cereal
Grilled Sausages, Bacon and Apple Rings
Muffins Marmalade
Coffee or Tea
Sliced Oranges
Prepared Cereal
Creole Eggs*
Toast Coffee or Tea Jam

Creole Eggs
1 Small onion, chopped
2 Tablespoonfuls of finely
chopped green pepper
1 Tablespoonful of butter
¼ Cupful of sliced ripe olives
½ Cupful of canned tomato
(well drained)
6 Eggs, slightly beaten

Cook the chopped onion and green pepper in the butter for three minutes or until lightly browned. Add the sliced olives and the tomato pulp and heat thoroughly. Add the eggs and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until the eggs are creamy. Serve at once.

CELLAR PARTY

THE CELLAR to a lot of people nowadays doesn't mean only a place to stoke a hungry furnace or do the laundry; there is a games room for honest folks to gather and disport themselves. That's the place for parlor games, for pigs knuckles and sauerkraut, potato chips, dill pickles, ripe olives, rye bread, doughnuts, coffee, and cider served on painted tables, partly or altogether covered with coarse-ish linens in bold strong patterns or with gay oilcloth covers, for sturdy porcelains and crockery, colored glass, pewter jugs and steins, bean pots and ramekins, wooden salad bowls and plates, cheese boards, chromium trays and copper mugs.

A place for men and women—and children to be themselves and to enjoy themselves. Ask the whole crowd, members of the smart set, the folks in tiny apartments who haven't room to swing a cat, your rich relations, your husband's boss and his wife, and anybody else you feel like.

Play ping pong, musical chairs or kissing games, and at midnight throw another log on the fire and set them down to the menu suggested—or this one:

Casserole of Pork and Spaghetti*
Rye Bread
Pickled Onions Radishes
Mustard Pickles
Apple Tarts
or
Pineapple Upside-Down Cake
Coffee or Tea



Courtesy Birks-Ellis-Ryrie Ltd.

Lighthouse Hors d'oeuvre
Holder of Painted White
Wood and Blue Decoration.

Casserole of Pork and Spaghetti

1 Medium onion, minced
½ Cupful of celery, finely chopped
4 Tablespoonfuls of butter
1 ½ Cupfuls of cooked pork, diced
1 Tablespoonful of flour
½ Cupful of milk or water
1 Large tin of spaghetti in
tomato sauce
1 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Teaspoonful of pepper
1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire
sauce
½ Cupful of grated Canadian
cheese

Cook the onion and celery in the butter until tender. Add the pork, sprinkle with the flour and brown lightly. Add the milk or water, stirring constantly until thickened, then add the remaining ingredients with the exception of the cheese. Cook until thoroughly heated and serve sprinkled with the grated cheese.

The Settling of Lorna

(Continued from page 53)

not like them rough"—when Rolf Peters, two nights later, angered at her repulse of his embraces, clamped a sudden rough hand over her mouth, picked her up bodily, and turned into the darkness of the dunes. He had not gone five paces—though it seemed more than eternity to the terrified girl, when he stumbled under the unexpected pressure of a wiry arm about his neck, and Lorna fell heavily, as with a snarl he lunged about, to meet his swift, unlooked-for foe.

She crouched there on the soft, fine sand, her heart pounding at the grim, relentless fight. The night was black and moonless, only lit at intervals by the long, regular flashes of the big Craigport Lighthouse a full mile away, and she could only dimly see those struggling forms. And finally they were on the ground in a silence only broken by low grunts and mutters. Then there was a tense, slightly breathless voice. "Now you get going, Rolf Peters, before I'm tempted to choke every last breath out of your skulking body—and if I ever as much as suspect you of any more shady . . . !"

"Aw shut up," loudly, and ungraciously. "You mind your own business."

"Get going I said," without raising his voice. Rolf Peters took refuge in a series of low, insulting mutters, and stumbled off into the night. Kerry O'Foyle turned sharply. "Lorna—where are you? Are you all right?"

She had risen to her feet—too frightened still to notice his use of her name, or that she called him by his own. "Kerry—are you hurt?" quickly.

"Hurt! Good heavens, no," reassuringly. "I may sport a black eye, and a bruise or so, that's all. Here—where are you?" and reached out for her arm. "So that's that, and believe me I'm sorry he got off so lightly." He slipped his own arm tightly around her. "That was tough. I'll bet it gave you a real fright."

Just for a moment her slight, trembling form relaxed against the strength and protection of his. "Oh . . . thank goodness you came!" And then backed away suddenly, as the sweep of light flashed around. "How did you know where I was?"

"I followed you, of course," quite unperturbed. "Now hush . . . don't say 'how dare you!' The expression's out of date. And I told you what you were up against. There are some varieties of silly, stubborn little girls who need fatherly watching."

"You make it very hard for me to thank you." After a moment her voice was stiff and reluctant.

"Don't bother. I'm sure you'd rather bite me. And anyway, I've wanted a decent chance to lay hands on that—well, we'll skip that part, since no name I could think of would be fit for your years—ever since he let my partner drown nearly three years ago in cold blood. But that's another story and another girl," after a silence. When he changed the subject, his tense, momentary hardness had relaxed. "Don't be frightened of me tonight—there's a good girl," casually. "I feel too confoundedly stiff to even attempt that kiss Uncle Greer wants so badly for you. Come and sit down on this log while I have a smoke—and you can talk to me."

Lorna hesitated, struggling with a desire to tell him she would do nothing of the sort. And then to her own surprise, she sat down at a little distance. "What about?"

Kerry lit a match, and a cigarette end gleamed redly in the darkness. "You," finally.

The additional surprise of that kept her silent another moment. "Oh—but there's nothing about me," quickly, then. "You've heard all the things that Uncle said. Well, some of them—like the reason I'm here—are

true. I've always lived in the City, and went through High School there, and took a business course and couldn't find a permanent job, and now I'm over twenty and I had to do something . . . and I wish it were anywhere except this awful place." She stopped then, self-consciously, as abruptly as she had begun—and his finely-cut profile, in the regular lighthouse flashes, was reflective.

"But seriously, Lorna." He leaned forward, letting a handful of fine sand run slowly through his fingers. "Apart from skunks like that tonight . . . is it really so awful? I don't see why."

"But that's plain nonsense," as some inexplicable quality in his tone made her tell him something of her foolish hates and fears. "You get a few more weeks of strong sea breezes into you, and you won't feel like that. I consider it one of the cleanest lives imaginable—fascinating, too. Why," and he laughed a little. "I wasn't really born to be a fisherman you know. My Dad was a doctor, and I was supposed to try and be something quite big along that line myself, some day. But he was pretty ill one summer when I was fifteen or so, and came down here, and I persuaded the chaps to take me out in the boats, and teach me things. And then it got right into my blood I think—and after two years of college I decided I couldn't live a shut-in life, even in the cause of humanity—and I walked out. Of course, maybe if Dad had been alive, I wouldn't have done it," more slowly. "But as it was . . ."

"But that was awful!" Lorna sat up straight. "To throw up something worth while like that . . . for all this dirty, smelling work that leads nowhere at all!"

"You think not? I don't know . . . I've done it four years, and love it—and I'm not hurting anyone. I may even be giving some struggling young M.D. a better chance to exist without me—who knows? If you could only feel it like I do!" His voice had lost its note of light banter in an almost eager earnestness. "The fresh sweep of wind against your face—the cold, salt spray—the fine companionship of real men, and the interest and satisfaction of the work. Summer, winter, day and night, knowing the sea in every mood, and yourself with and against it. Oh, probably I'm not much good at explaining things like that . . ." he stopped abruptly. Lorna had unconsciously moved more closely, and was leaning forward, hands clasped, her face vivid and intent, forgetting completely that she had vowed to hate him eternally.

"When you put it like that . . . I think I can see . . ." She was silent a long moment while he did not move, looking straight ahead. And finally she realized that he had grown strangely tense and intent, and she followed his glance, across the long rise and fall of sand dunes. At first there was nothing beyond the lighthouse rays, and then in the distance she saw another light . . . intermittent—almost, she fancied, as if it might have been some sort of signal.

"What . . . ?" But before she could even ask the question, he had risen to his feet. "Well, I think we'll get you in. Night air, and all that you know. Come along." He took her arm lightly. "I'll see you to the gate."

He did, chatting with airy inconsequence the whole of that short distance. He wished her good night quite pleasantly, and turned back somewhere across the sands. And suddenly it came to her that she had been most politely and definitely sent home—and out of a natural resentment and something that oddly went deeper still, she knew it had been something to do with that intermittent light. Yet she knew of nothing down there except an old fisherman's cabin. She asked her uncle casually, the next morning, as to that cabin—and received a tirade on wicked women, and children without known fathers that left her slightly breathless. "You mean . . . ?"

"I mean Lloyd's girl, that's what I mean. As brazen a daughter as ever put a decent man to shame—and glorying in it, too!" Greer Thomson was well launched. "You'll never know from me!" she had the face to

say, when they asked her who . . . tush, woman—this is no talk for you!" recalling himself suddenly. "Be off now to the store . . . you'll have no need to interest yourself in such, my girl!"

NO NEED at all—but some things were not easily set aside, and that night as she left the store, she stiffened when a light hand touched her arm. "My pleasure, I think, to protect you home tonight."

"Please don't bother," coolly. "I'd hate to take you from any other pleasures."

He laughed, and his grip tightened slightly. "It's my appointed job, to educate you up to Craigport," lightly. "Now, what shall we talk about tonight?"

"You," she almost said—and lacked the courage. "Crabs," she replied finally instead—and he missed the possible irony in a ready, and even genuine enthusiasm.

"You must go out with me, I have my own boat," in answer to a question, as they moved slowly up the road. "You've seen Alf. King, my partner—red-headed chap, and a swell fellow. But not like Davey," he ended abruptly.

"Was he . . . the one you spoke about?" a little hesitantly.

He nodded. "Yes," briefly, and when he continued, his voice, unlike his usual soft, pleasant tones, was short and clipped. "We were out trolling in a pretty badly leaking rowboat; just fooling, and bailing it out. Without any warning she sank. Our fault of course, for being such idiots—but Peters was close in another boat, and we started over. Davey raced ahead . . . a marvellous swimmer, and as fine a chap . . . yellow hair, bright blue eyes, and such a smile—honestly, Lorna, no girl would look at me when Davey was around." He laughed briefly, and then his voice was clipped and hard again. "And then he got a sudden cramp, and gave a call . . . and Peters headed straight for me. I yelled back for heaven's sake to get him—I could last for hours, and he never stopped. To cut it short . . . it was too late as far as Davey was concerned, and Peters swore up and down he thought I'd been the one to call for help . . . and who was there to dispute his confounded thoughts . . . !"

After a long silence, Lorna's free hand went suddenly to his arm. "Oh—I'm sorry," simply. "I shouldn't have been so terribly rude to you the other day when you tried to tell me about him."

"Oh—why not? A girl who takes everything a man says, can be very dull," lightly again, but his fingers closed over her hand tightly—and before he left her that night, he had arranged to take her for a spin over the sands in his old car, the very next time low tide and her free hours should coincide.

He did, more than once, in the days that followed, driving with such carefree abandon that they frequently had to dig the rear wheels out of a bed of soft, wet sand . . . the salt sea wind blowing in their faces, and laughing so heartily that Lorna had quite forgotten that she had ever hated Craigport.

But she did not fail to notice his almost imperceptible slowing down as they passed close by the cabin where the fisherman, Lloyd, lived—an old man who had been in hospital three weeks with a broken leg. And she saw a tall, slender dark-haired figure standing on a high dune, facing out to sea, a child held in her arms, whose hand rose in greeting at the sound of Kerry's horn. A swift question rose to Lorna's lips, and was as suddenly held in check by an insistent return of a disquieting thought. But that was nonsense. She thrust it quickly away, and chattered then, ceaselessly and swiftly, until they were nearly home. And then all thoughts fled, for Kerry stopped the car, and laid a sudden hand over hers.

"Lorna—I've got an idea," whimsically. "Don't let it startle you—but how about never going back, and making it your job to protect me from those girls!"

She stared, as well she might. "What do you mean?" blankly.

"I mean . . . in the capacity of Mrs. Kerry O'Foyle, of course. Idiot . . . don't look as if I'm insulting you!" And the first embarrassment that she had ever seen

travelled in a rush of color up his own face. "Surely by now I'm not as repugnant to you as all that!"

"You mean . . ." feeling her startled way slowly. "Be your wife. So it would be safer for you, if you had other friends . . . ?"

She got no further, for his hand tightened, and with the other he caught her chin, gently, turning her face toward him. "Lorna, Lorna—look me squarely in the eye—and say that to me!" Although he smiled faintly, his voice was low. "You can't. You wouldn't dare. Do you think I'd truly insult the girl I loved by saying that . . . if I thought she'd take it seriously?"

"But . . . but Kerry." After an instant her own voice was low and awed, and not quite steady, for there was no denying what lay behind his glance. "You've never even—wanted to kiss me!"

He threw back his dark head an instant, and laughed. "That's all you know." And then he slid a firm young arm tightly about her. "Darling girl," softly. "Under the circumstances, if I'd kissed you too soon, you might have resented it."

"I might," thoughtfully, from the exquisite peace and security of that hold. "Only Kerry . . . I don't think so."

BUT A day or so later she was aroused from a blissful dream that had carried her easily and lightly through all her work, by a sullen mutter across the counter. "I said beef, not bacon, didn't I? I'd like to know what's wrong 'round here!" She met smoldering, furtive eyes beneath rough, sandy hair. She took the plate swiftly, with the merest word of apology, and if she noted, in a sort of still horror, that the room had emptied by the time the new dish was ready, she made no sign.

"Kind of forgetful now you've a brand new kissing partner." The man spoke crudely, without even looking up. "I thought you were a sort of perticular dame!"

"You thought right," crisply, and turned away.

"Perticular—that's good," with an uncouth sort of laugh. "Same sort of perticular as every other girl round this joint who's learned something from him!"

She swung about. "If you don't stop annoying me, and saying such things, I'll tell my uncle everything I know about you!"

"Huh." He bent still lower over his plate, his voice sullen. "What good would that do you? Suppose you just ask your uncle what he thinks of that girl across in the hut over the beach. And just suppose you ask your fine-tongued beau why he goes over there when it's good and dark when she flashes lights . . . for all the world as if there's something he wants to do . . ."

"Will you be quiet?" Lorna's eyes flashed dangerously in return. "I'm not interested in anything you say to me."

"Oh—all right." He shrugged his great shoulders, ate in silence, and finally lumbered to the door. "Well . . . all I got to say is, I guess some women ain't perticular, and . . ." He found himself alone as Lorna slammed her way into a small back kitchen. But Lorna's sweetest dreams were ended for that day—and although she resolutely tried to thrust the whole thing from her, vague doubts and fears that would not be stilled, gradually deepened. They vanished at Kerry's low, laughing voice and warm, firm hold, as they strolled across the dunes in bright moonlight that night—and returned again, as they passed near the lonely cabin.

"Kerry . . . who does live in that cottage?" She could not help the question. "Who lives there?" almost in surprise.

"Why . . . you know old Lloyd, and Margaret—his girl—and the little fellow, so high. Why?"

"Oh, I wondered. Was she ever . . . ?" and hated herself for the persistent enquiry. "One of your girls?"

"Well . . . we were pretty intimate when we were about fifteen—and had quite an elaborate system of lamp signals, and she taught me nearly all I know about crabs. But that was ages ago. She doesn't bother with things, except the boy, now. What do you mean . . . one of my girls?" suddenly.

"Oh nothing," lightly. "At least . . ."

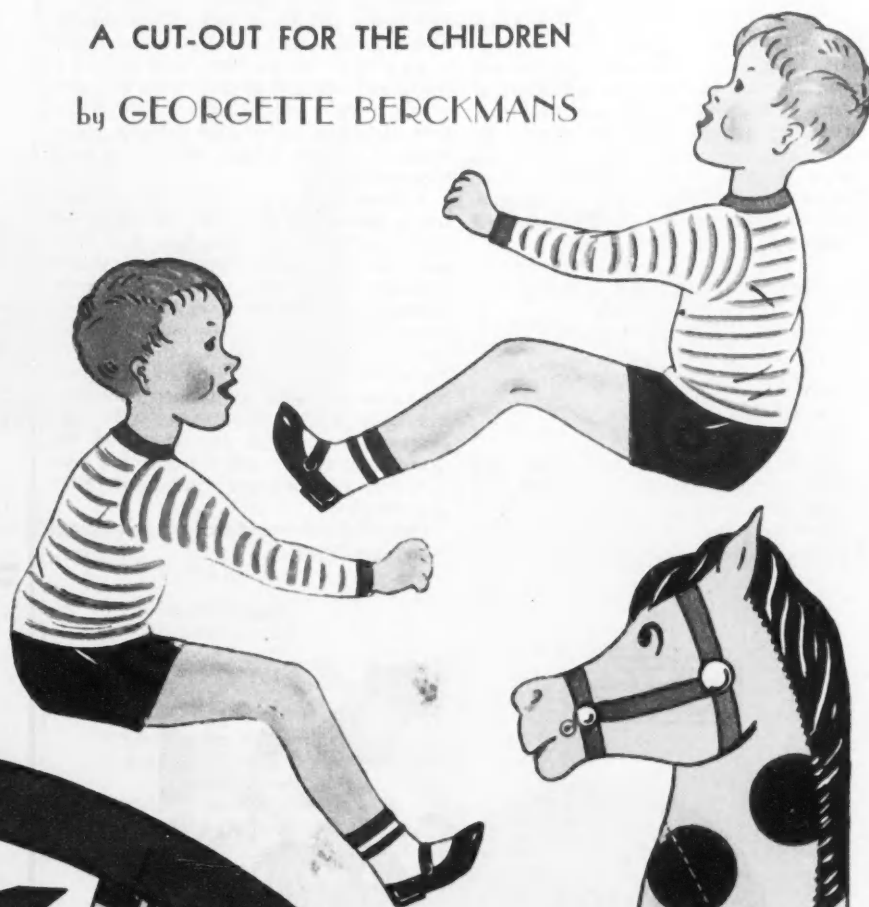
Rough Rider of the Rocking Horse

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

by GEORGETTE BERCKMANS



A photograph of the completed cut-out. You'll find the little boy jogs up and down finely.



HOW TO MAKE THIS TOY

Paste cut-outs on strong paper or thin cardboard. Fold horse's body along dotted line and paste both sides of tail together; fasten the side bars by slipping the ends through slits in the rockers. Paste both sides of head as far as dotted lines; fasten through slit to body. Paste together both sides of head and body of rider, arms to the elbow and upper parts of legs only. Place the little boy astride and tie to his wrists the ends of a short bit of string slipped through the horse's mouth.

And if you want to make a flock of gay rocking horses and their gallant riders, trace the pattern before you put them together. You'll find it easy to copy—and lots of fun!

Chatelaine's January, 1936 Index of Advertisers

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

Baby's Own Tablets	40	Kenton Pharmacal Co.	32
Belmont Manor	39	Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd.	28
Boots Chemists	32	Kruschen Salts	30
Borden Co. Ltd., The	57	Lambert Pharmacal Co.	1
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Bromo Quinine	30	Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd.	
Brownatone	32	Hinds Cream	33
		Lysol	37
Campana's Italian Balm	36	Lewis Medicine Co.	28
Campbell's Soup	17	Listerine	1
Canadian Spool Cotton, The	30	Lysol	37
Canadian Westinghouse Co. Ltd.	51	Magic Baking Powder	45
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Compiled as a convenience to the readers of Chatelaine; this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or omission, but the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy.

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING
2 squares unsweetened chocolate 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water
Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.
● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Company, Limited, Yardley House, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Prov. _____
(Print name and address plainly).
3-16 This coupon may be pasted on a postcard. 119

CHATELAINE PATTERNS

—MADE IN CANADA—From New York and Paris Styles
If there is no dealer as yet in your neighborhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favorite store, and in the meantime you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from the
CHATELAINE PATTERN SERVICE, 481 University Ave., Toronto
See Patterns on Pages 29-31.
In ordering by mail be careful to write the pattern number plainly, and be sure to state the size required.



Here's a simple recipe for rich, savoury gravy

Dissolve a teaspoonful of Symington's Gravy Granules in boiling water, pour into the meat tin and boil for a few minutes. That's how simple it is. And then you'll always have plenty to serve with every meal—plenty to give its rich appetising flavour to your dishes.



SYMINGTON'S GRANULATED GRAVY

Distributors: W. G. Patrick & Co., Ltd., 51/53, Wellington Street, W. Toronto. Also at Winnipeg and Vancouver.
W. Symington & Co., Ltd., Market Harborough, England.

attempting to laugh a little. "Why they say, you know, that you've had every girl in Craigport in your arms . . ."

"Good lord—what an armful!" promptly—and then slid his own arm around her more securely. "Darling, don't start that," gently, but decidedly. "You knew me when you took me—and you know I've never even pretended to shun the ladies. You'll just have to believe me when I say that until now I've never wanted to take one of them, and build a wall around them, and feed and keep them."

"Kerry! Don't make me sound as if I'm a piece of barnyard stock!"

"Shut up. And cherish . . . and protect and love forever. Is that enough?" very softly, and holding her close.

"Kerry . . . oh, I do love you. I always will." Her voice was breathless—and if the little passing doubts would not be wholly quieted, she was helpless in the face of his strength, and ardent tenderness. For she knew, with a desperate sense of wondering finality that it was truth, and she would love him always, whatever pain that loving might some day mean.

THAT DAY came sooner than she had ever thought—and in a very different way. Walking again across the sands—this time on a bright October afternoon, Kerry stopped short.

"Good lord—there's Margaret's baby," and pointed to a small, woollen-clad figure solemnly sitting in the centre of a clump of long grasses on one of the dunes. "I wonder where she . . . oh, over there!" and inclined his head toward a figure picking up small dry bits of wood at a distance. He turned back to the child. "Hello there, funny." He sat down a minute, and dug a gentle fist into the tiny boy's chest. "Handsome young beggar, isn't he?" He looked up with a smile.

Lorna nodded. "He certainly is," quite honestly—even if her answering smile was a little strained and forced.

"Ka ka ka." The baby spoke with a sudden, delighted chuckle, and clutched at Kerry's arm.

"See. Knows me well." Kerry laughed, and raised his hand in a reassuring wave as the child's mother rose to her feet, looking around. "Guess she wondered where he'd got to."

But Lorna was not really listening. She was looking at that laughing baby among the long, waving grasses.

"Yellow hair, bright blue eyes, and such a smile . . ." slowly. "Why Kerry!" Her glance was startled. "Then he must be . . ."

"Davey's. Sure he is. Didn't you know?" He raised his eyebrows. "That's why both of them mean a good deal to me. Tough, wasn't it?" soberly. "He'd have been so darned proud . . . Lorna, what in the world are you looking at me like that for?"

"Like what?" still startled in the realization that she had been entirely blind. That there could never have been any other explanation!

"Why—as if you'd stumbled across a goldmine, or found a long lost . . . why, Lorna!" suddenly. "Surely you didn't think good lord!" abruptly then, and stood up as a wave of shame, revealing color swept her face. "You can't mean to say you thought he was . . . mine!"

"Kerry—don't look like that!" At something in his tone, the color left her face. "I only heard tales . . . I didn't know. Of course I didn't believe . . ."

"You heard tales—and didn't ask me?" He looked directly at her, his voice very soft and slow.

"Kerry—I didn't like to. Of course I knew it wasn't . . ." quickly, and she laid a hand on his arm. "Kerry!" with a clutch of sheer fright in her heart. But he drew his arm back.

"Great heavens—what do you think men are around these parts?" He was staring at her with hard, incredulous eyes. "I'm not saying we're any more perfect than anywhere else, but at least if we do a wrong—you'll find very few of us who wouldn't do our level best to right it!"

Something of the scorn in his dark eyes

moved her to sudden defiance. "Well, I don't see that your friend Davey righted it."

"Oh," curtsy. "Well, I won't waste time defending Davey then—but it might interest you to know he had the wedding ring in his pocket when he died—and that he never looked at another woman all his life."

"Which is probably more than you can say," stung again, at his very glance, with a fierce, unreasoning desire to add to his injury.

"Oh—me." He shrugged his shoulders then, his voice light and hard. "I daresay I've never looked at any woman seriously in my life."

"Kerry!" quickly. "Don't be absurd. You know I didn't mean that." And because she was ashamed and terrified, and knew the real pain that had tightened his lips and turned his face so white beneath the tan, her fingers tightened on his arm again. "Don't look like that!"

Once more he jerked back from her touch. "How the devil do you expect me to look when you spring a thing like that on me!"

"But I didn't. You know I didn't!" stumbling on helplessly, hopelessly into deeper waters, in the realization that this was almost a complete stranger before her.

"And anyway, you must know whatever you did, I'd still love you . . ."

"Well, perhaps I'd appreciate that sentiment better if it were a bit more necessary. Oh good heavens!" curtsy. "You—and your ideas. You make me sick!" And without another word he turned and flung himself away.

LORNA STOOD motionless, white faced, too, and staring—with a desperate sense of guilt, shame and self-loathing. Hating Kerry in that moment for his justified, and yet somehow intolerant righteousness—and loving him with a sickening sense of anguish for the thing that had been so young and incredulous and hurt in his indignation. In a dim haze she saw the baby on the sands, crawling from her toward that other girl carrying wood to the little house. "You make me sick!" The words re-echoed ceaselessly. The sense of anger deepened then—make him sick indeed! When she had sworn that she would love him always—and then to lash out with such cold, hard scorn! Conceited, insolent, bad-tempered . . .

what right had he to take such a virtuous stand . . . "Oh, I hate myself!" illogically, and turned, half running in the opposite direction, breathless—cheeks aflame . . . wishing she could summon courage to drown herself, do anything, to get away from the torment of her own thoughts!

But she did not drown herself, and at five she came hurrying down the trail above the beach, and was back behind the counter, very pale and quiet, moving almost unseeing; not even hearing the pleasantries of the men she served. Wondering and wondering with a sick sort of fear, how she would ever face him . . . And then looked up suddenly, with a startled gasp as a dark figure strode through the doorway, pushed aside two men, and laid his hands flat on the counter before her.

"Lorna!" His voice was low and urgent. "Tell me where you left Margaret's baby this afternoon, will you?"

The question was so totally unlooked for, that her eyes met his in genuine surprise. "Why, just by where we were. What's happened?"

"He's lost," abruptly. "Margaret's been hunting hours."

"But she knew where he was."

"She didn't. That's just the point. She thought he was asleep inside. The kid must have got out on his own, and she went back in the house for some time before she knew . . ."

Anything might have happened, our leaving him like that . . . He turned away abruptly. "Well, I'll go out again." And by this time the whole place was astir with quick question. In a few more minutes the entire room was empty, except for Lorna who stood, clutching the edge of the counter, in the grip of a sudden, violent trembling. For worse even than losing Kerry, she was responsible for losing someone's baby. A sudden vision of that yellow-haired, blue-eyed laughing child rose before her, and with a low cry she ran coatless out in the cold, clear, October night.

IT WAS Kerry who found the baby, in the shelter of a wreck of a long-stranded car, where he had crawled, exhausted to sleep, and who took him home. And it was one of the other searchers who stopped Kerry as he was about to leave the house again.

"Say, you'd better go and hunt for that

girl of yours now, scaring her that way! She's been half crazy, thinking it was her fault the kid was drowned or something, and not enough on her back to keep her warm . . .!"

Kerry wheeled about. "Great heavens—why didn't you tell me?" and plunged out again into the night.

The first search, heaven only knew, had been bad enough . . . but this was a very different torture. Kerry, once he had made sure she had not returned to the village, stumbled up and down the dunes in ever-growing panic. If anything had happened! He saw again her white, frightened face as he had confronted her across the counter, and her bewildered eyes that afternoon. He deserved the torments of the very devil if he had driven her to anything! The roar of the breakers turned his whole heart sick with dread, seeing terrifying visions of her cold, still face. If that had happened, he would plunge into that ocean, and strike out and out relentlessly, until he was helpless to go further, and then . . .

And then he stumbled over her motionless form beside a tall, gnarled root—and gave such a shout that the others came running with their lights and lanterns, across the sand. By that time Kerry had stripped off his heavy jacket, and had wrapped it tightly around her slim, chilled body, and he held her close, staring at the trickle of dried blood down the side of her colorless cheek.

"Hmmp. Must've run against that fool stump." One of the kneeling men looked across at Kerry's white, horrified face. "I reckon she'll be all right, son. Her pulse beat's steady. We'll get her across to Margaret's right away. She'll know what to do . . .!"

And so Lorna stirred, and opened her tired, still frightened eyes to warmth, capable gentle hands, concerned faces above—and one face very close. At full comprehension she drew back with a gasp, and struggled to rise. "Oh—I've got to go. I've got to find him . . .!"

"Hush, dear—lie still. Kerry found the baby long ago. He's fast asleep." A reassuring hand was laid on hers, a soft, pleasant voice close. "I'm going to give you something hot there's nothing to worry about at all."

Lorna drank slowly, and gratefully, while the men watched with low murmurs, and Kerry remained motionless at her side by the couch, his dark eyes not once leaving her face. Then as Margaret moved back, his hand closed tightly over hers. "Lorna . . .!" And there was something in the low, tense voice that made the small group step back, and out into the adjoining kitchen. "Lorna, I think I've been the most confounded brute that ever lived . . . when you mean so much!"

Just for an instant, her startled glance had followed the others. Then she met his eyes. "Kerry . . . you're not!" Suddenly all the fright left her own, and her arms went out quickly to him, in a moment that went too deep for mere words of explanation.

But that came later. "I was just a disgusting, smug mutt—and heaven forbid that I ever become that," he told her solemnly. "There's not an excuse in the world to make for myself. Only another time, just ask me, and I swear I'll tell the truth. And if I ever lose my temper like that again, I deserve to lose the sweetest dearest girl and wife that ever . . ." he went on in a young, impetuous rush that brought the color sweeping back to her pale cheeks. "Darling." He held her close presently, with a sudden, absurd chuckle. "I'd make the most vile doctor on earth . . . I was so scared, I even forgot to feel your pulse. How do you think you can ever stand being a rottenly stupid fisherman's wife?"

She laughed a little shakily in return. "I think, because I've decided I love fishermen, and the way they all turned out tonight. And because I think I'm going to love Margaret and the baby . . . and I love almost everything in Craigport . . . and . . ." breathlessly now, in all this delightfully foolish, sweet interchange of chatter . . . "and more than anything on earth . . . I love you!"

THE ROCKIES—EVENING

by ANNE MARRIOTT

Mauve-tinged, the mighty barrier cuts the sky,
The valleys, strewn with forests, slope below,
Now sunset comes and touches every peak,
Flushing with rose the brooding heights of snow.

Dusk sometime yet, until the night lets fall
Her blinding mantle on the valley deep,
And swatches in ink-hued folds of silken warp
The hoary crowns of these who ever sleep.

Then here and there, a lost star in the dark,
A little lighted window glimmers bright
Among the unfriendly hills, man's challenge here,
Bravely defying nature and the night.

Irresistibly
Beautiful

THE NEW SILVER STREAK

PONTIAC



**A RESTFUL CAR...EASY TO DRIVE...SUPREMACY SAFE...LUXURIOUSLY COMFORTABLE...
EMBODYING SUBSTANTIAL VALUE THAT EVERY DISCRIMINATING WOMAN WILL INSTANTLY APPRECIATE**

PONTIAC is well named, "The Precision-Built Low-Priced Car". Never before, in its price class, has there been a car that combined beauty, dignity, comfort, safety and economy to such a marked degree.

Driving Pontiac is a thrill! This car parks, handles and manoeuvres with fascinating ease. Its roominess encourages relaxation. It is a car of which you can be proud... distinctive... with

the "custom-built" look that invariably earns a second glance.

The 1936 Silver Streak Pontiac—Six and Eight—offer 101 of the finest features money can buy. There are 18 safety features alone, including Solid Steel Turret Top Body by Fisher, Improved Triple-sealed Hydraulic Brakes and Safety Glass throughout. Pontiac models have Knee-Action, No-Draft Ventilation; Silent Syncro-Mesh Trans-

mission and Cross Flow Radiator. And the new Pontiac Six and Eight engines are the very last word in smoothness, power and economy.

Buy your Pontiac NOW—because—(1) You are offered new, greatly reduced GMAC 7% time payment terms... (2) You will enjoy new-car safety, comfort and dependability throughout the Winter... (3) Your purchase will assist in a public-minded program directed towards stabilizing employment in the automotive and kindred industries—by altering seasonal buying habits in order to level out production peaks.





Drawn by
Neda Bassett

The shipwrecked Englishman insists on wearing tails for dinner.

On Dressing for Dinner

by H. NAPIER MOORE



NOT LONG AGO, there was submitted to another magazine with which I am connected the cartoon reproduced above. I thought it was absurdly amusing. So I bought it. There wasn't any doubt that ninety-nine out of a hundred readers would see the joke. The idea of an Englishman dressing for dinner in a jungle or on a desert island has long been a sure-fire gag.

At the time it never occurred to me that I would use this particular comic to illustrate a *Chatelaine* editorial. The reason for its use in this manner is really Travers Coleman, press representative of the C.P.R. in Vancouver.

Mr. Coleman will be dumbfounded when he learns this.

A few weeks ago I was in Vancouver, planning to cross to Victoria on the regular steamer on the Saturday morning. It was Mr. Coleman who was seized with an inspiration. Said he: "Look, the *Empress of Canada* sails for the Orient on Saturday morning. She calls at Victoria. I have to go that far with her. Why not come along and experience the thrill of a sailing for the Far East?"

I hadn't known Mr. Coleman more than four days, but he knew me down to the marrow in my bones.

EVEN IN four hours you can meet a lot of people on board an Asia-bound liner, especially when the ship's officers know many and when luncheon brings you together.

Canadians off to China on business or to Honolulu on holiday. English men and women returning to their jobs or rejoining their husbands on far-off Pacific islands, along the Malay coast, in interior settlements bearing names you probably never heard.

I TALKED with a young married woman going back to Suva, in the Fiji Islands. Her husband is on the staff of the British administration there. I said to her: "What do you do for relaxa-

tion, your husband and you, apart from the odd social function with your fellow whites?"

She said: "Well, we talk a lot."

I said: "Talk about what?"

She said: "About books, about pictures, about music. About all the lasting things."

I TALKED with a middle-aged Englishman who has spent thirty years of his life administering the affairs of peoples but little advanced beyond a state of savagery. For long periods he has been the only white man for hundreds of miles around.

I said to him: "How have you stuck it so long, and how can you go back to it? I can imagine how your days are filled. You represent the Crown, law, order and justice. You have your problems and decisions to make. But when you are all alone at night, aren't there moments when you feel like, well, for want of a better word, like going 'nuts'?"

He smiled. Then seeing that I was serious, he said this:

"If a chap has the proper sort of background he can get along very well. In my own case, I was fortunate in getting what I did out of my university days. For instance, I learned how to read; how to appreciate the, well, you know, the finer things of life. They stay with you. You may be in the jungle, but you live inside your head. Do you follow me?"

I think I did. I think I followed, too, some younger Englishmen, bound for far-off places, who seemed well equipped along similar lines.

I think I caught the idea of the man who is supposed to don a dress suit and stiff shirt before partaking of a jungle meal in solitude. I think that it's a very fine mental process; that after dinner he is going to stroll into a judiciously stocked library, or into a concert-hall, or a theatre. That for an hour or two he is going to revel in his memories; converse with interesting people he has met. In short, he is going to live with himself and find it pleasant company.

I THINK that 1,200 Toronto business men who listened to Lord Tweedsmuir speak on "Leisure" got a glimpse of the idea when he talked of the occasional solitude a man must have in order to straighten out his thoughts; arrange his own background against which the ups and downs of everyday life will be seen in proper proportion and perspective.

IT'S AN idea the value of which we, in this country, and on this continent, have been slow to appreciate. We were, until a few years ago, so frantically busy getting business, cutting down forests, blasting holes, pouring concrete, shaping steel, breaking soil, harvesting crops, that we hadn't much time for the development of a mental reserve. Even our schools, colleges and universities, in keeping with the times, became almost mechanized degree producers.

Even off duty we couldn't relax. When friends came in we played hectic bridge with the radio going full blast. We boasted of thirty-six holes of golf on a Sunday; or so many hundred miles of motoring in so many hours.

So that when the day came that forests weren't being chopped, or holes blasted, or concrete poured, or steel shaped or soil broken or stocks sold, and bridge was irksome to frayed nerves and golf too expensive, we were left rather flat. We had little else to talk about but the Depression.

That really was a good thing. We talked about the Depression so much that we got bored. We began to read more books, better books, and discuss them. We dusted off the keyboards of our pianos and made our own music. Our educational authorities began to talk of doing more for our students than just stuffing them.

In other words, we have begun to weave a background against which we can live mentally, or spiritually if you'd rather have it so.

That is going to be good for all of us, individually, as home-makers, and as a nation.

PERSONAL VISIT TO CHIPSO HOME . . . NO. 54



"John's suit has been washed in Chipso about 60 TIMES"

"Alan's Basque shirt is MONTHS OLD"

"I didn't have to buy new baby clothes for David. These were John's."

"Anne's dress is 2 YEARS OLD"

NOTICE—to mothers:

I wish to assure you that statements about the age of clothes in Chipso advertisements are to the best of my knowledge accurate and sincere. Of course, I need not tell you the various "mother tricks" of letting out seams, facing hems, etc., which keep garments adjusted to the size of growing children. These tricks "work" only when garments do not fade.

Mildred Holmes
Chipso Interviewer

"Barbara's dress is a 'hand-me-down'—3 YEARS OLD"

"Chipso is safe for colors"

"Luckily I began using Chipso when I began housekeeping. Now, with five children, I'm free from the washday worries I hear other mothers talk about. We do a washing of children's clothes every day, but it's so easy to squeeze them clean in Chipso suds that no one complains. And I'm never worried about colors fading, no matter how frequently the clothes are tubbed. The children's cotton washables—like my snowy towels, sheets and linens—wear literally for years."

"These clothes look NEW because Chipso suds are so
SAFE"
Interview with Mrs. A. L. Boegehold.
These unretouched photographs in natural color were taken in Mrs. Boegehold's own home.



"Chipso keeps materials like new"

"These three night-suits are a YEAR OLD. They have been washed in Chipso suds at least 180 times . . . without stiffening, or shrinking or wearing thin."

How long do *your* children's night-suits stay soft and fleecy? There is nothing harsh in Chipso. And Chipso is so sudsy that it loosens dirt without the hard rubbing which injures fleecy nap.



MADE IN CANADA

"For fingermarks or dishes, rich Chipso suds are grand."

"A cloth wrung out of Chipso suds cleans piano keys or painted woodwork without harming the gloss. And I do like Chipso for dish-washing! It gets the grease quickly, yet leaves my hands smooth . . . And it goes far because the suds last."



Chipso is SOAPIER, shortens work, saves clothes.

Irene, the Boegehold children's pretty nurse, demonstrates how easy it is to squeeze clothes clean in rich, white Chipso suds. We invite *you* to try this easy, *safe* way of washing. You can tell that Chipso is fine soap. It looks **WHITE**, not yellow . . . feels **SILKY**, not harsh . . . smells **FRESH**, not strong.

Chipso makes clothes wear longer